THE

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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HAIL! SEVENTY-FIVE!

BY G. F. FARDON.

SEVENTY-FOUR is dying! Peace, peace to its ashes!
Let's bury it grandly, to its triumphs alive;
And, while laughter is loudest, and merriment flashes,
With dance, song, and music we'll hail SEVENTY-FIVE!
Half in the Old Year and half in the New,
Old Christmas is with us, brave, jolly, and true.

Ring out the joy-bells! a NEW YEAR is born!
Deck it in greenery, crown it with flowers;
Proudly it comes with the first blush of morn,
So welcome it gladly the while it is ours.

Gay be each meeting and hearty each greeting;
Mirth, love, and friendship shall join hand in hand;
Shout and be merry while Old Time is fleeting,
Ring out the joy-bells all over the land!

Guilty or Not Guilty?

A Story of Christmas Eve.

BY H. WATSON FLEMING.

John West, his passionate jealousy wrought beyond control, fired upon the fugitive. A wild shriek followed the report.

CHAPTER I.—(CONTINUED.)

It was bitterly cold. The snow lay in great drifted heaps about the farm, and lodged in the latticed windows of the house; and in each cornice sought some hiding-place from the fierce onslaught of the tempestuous wind, which scattered it hither and thither at its mighty will.

Within, there was coldness, too—not that of wind and weather. It was that enervating chill, which penetrates to the heart, whenever its healthy channels are stopped by doubt, its pulsations enfeebled by mistrust.

A child was lying sleeping in a little cot. His child and Miriam's. Only a few days before, and every day for nearly four years, he had laughed and cried over it by turns, stopping only in the wild paroxysm of paternal happiness to kiss and comfort Miriam.

But the shadows of unrest pursued him now.

Returning home about a week before Christmas, at an unexpected hour, he had witnessed a strangely familiar parting between his wife and some man—a stranger to him.

"Who was that — that gentleman, Miriam?" he asked.

"Oh, John," she answered, turning very pale. "What have I done. I cannot, I dare not tell you, John."

"Miriam!"

"You promised always to trust me, but I knew that one day this would come, and I warned you of it; yes, I warned you of it, John. You will reproach me as I expected, and I cannot answer you. *I dare not!*"

"What do you mean?" he said, contemptuously. "My promise and your warning referred to your life before our marriage, Miriam. Surely you do not receive secret visitors! Surely I, too, may welcome any friend of yours?"

"It is all a portion of the same story, *my secret*, John. I cannot, must not reveal it for—for another's sake. Trust me as of old, I entreat you; give me your sympathy and love—I need it more than you can know."

"Miriam," he replied, "if you really love me you will explain——"

"I cannot," she answered.

He turned from her, heedless of the painful look of wild entreaty that passed across her face. He hastily left the room. She fell at the threshold of the door, kissing, in her mad excitement, the place where his feet had trodden, and crying hysterically.

"Oh, God, restore to me my husband's confidence and love."

From that hour every passionate appeal and protestation were in vain. He no longer trusted her or loved her. The week was one of intolerable suspense; then Christmas came again—that time of peace, forbearance and good-will, but the icy blast of the cold, unfriendly wind was not more cold than John West's self-willed and self-tormenting heart.

CHAPTER II.

JEALOUSY.

("Was I to blame?" asked John West of his own accusing conscience. "How could I know that my neglect was felt or noticed?"

"We cannot know everything," he thought the spirit answered. "In this life we have to take much—very much, upon trust."

John groaned aloud.

"You were absent that Christmas Eve; again——"

"And *he* came again," said West, trembling from head to foot.

"You shall see what happened during your absence, friend," said Santa Claus.)

* * * * *

It was the well-remembered cosy parlor at the farm. Miriam West was sobbing as if her heart would break. Before her stood the stranger, whose presence had broken the peace of her quiet home. A sickly smile parted his cold lips. He stood erect, defiantly.

"This, then, is all you can give me?" he queried, disdainfully.

"All, quite all. Two hundred dollars more, Evan, making——"

"Barely enough to take me across the seas," he muttered, scornfully.

"I cannot help it, Evan. But for your unlucky presence the other night I would have asked my husband for a larger sum. It should have been yours freely. I can ask for nothing now, unless, indeed, I explain all——"

"Thank you. I pleaded for mercy once, and its result was—jail."

"Then you must make the best of what I give you, Evan."

"If I must I must, but——"

"I can do no more. To-morrow I have determined to tell everything to my husband, and plead for his forgiveness. It should have been done long ago. I know it now. It was a false shame that held me back so long."

"To-morrow!" hissed Evan, between his teeth. "To-morrow you will do this, say you?"

"Yes, to-morrow."

"Remember your oath, Miriam."

"I cannot. It will kill me."

"Better that than—perjury. Think of my sufferings."

"You have no right to involve me with them. I have treasured this secret for three years, and it oppresses me," she said. "I have worked for you, toiled for you. Every dollar I have earned has been yours—few other women would have done so much."

"I know it, Miriam, and I love you, wretch that I am. It was for your sake I did it. I hoped to place you above the reach of poverty. Ten thousand dollars was very little to him. He could well have spared it, yet he hunted me relentlessly. I threw myself upon his mercy. Miriam, it was my first offence, but a prison was the result. You know how I escaped. Henceforth I sue for mercy to no living soul. It was necessity that drove me to implore your help. You have succored, at times supported me. I will free you from your oath!"

"Oh, Evan!" she tearfully replied, "remain here. I will tell my husband all. Confide in him. I am sure he will help you, dear; he is so kind—so good."

"I free you from your oath, Miriam, but I will sue for mercy to no living soul. The moment you utter the name of Evan Merle will see me cold and lifeless at your side—unless, indeed, you give me time to perfect my escape; to fly, by some means, into another land!"

"Dear Evan, believe me, I will not say one word. But these conflicting feelings torture me! If he should see you again! Oh, heaven, protect me! You must leave me now, never to venture here again, and you never will if you really love me, as you say," she added.

"Miriam, I never will," he replied, "no matter what fate may be mine."

He gave her one rapid embrace and left her hastily, but it was too late. As he passed from the door, John West, surprised and dumbfounded at the sight, was about to enter. The jealous husband staggered to the wall. Evan, without a word, quickened his pace. John West would have followed. Miriam's gentle hand was placed upon his arm.

"Woman!" he said furiously, "don't touch me or I shall curse you!"

For a moment he trembled, and turned pale with anger and surprise. Then, with sudden impulse, he started in pursuit.

"John! dear John!" cried Miriam.

Her words fell upon the wind, which mocked them. She watched the progress of the two until both were out of sight, partly realizing the trouble that must come, then she fainted at the door.

John West, guided by the foot-track in the snow and by the retreating figure, which the shrouded world made so fearfully distinct in the moonlight, followed the man revengefully, and gained upon him.

"She was folded in his arms; I swear it!" he exclaimed. "I saw him press a kiss upon her lips, and yet I live and breathe the same atmosphere. One of us must die!"

Evan at last neared a boundary fence. In the haste of pursuit and misguided by the snow he had wandered from the beaten track. The village lights shone in the distance. The road was before him.

"Stop!" cried West; "stop man, for your life!"

The outlaw quickened his pace. One leap and he would clear the fence.

"Stop, I say!" cried West again, quite frenzied with passion; "stop, or I will shoot you like a dog!"

He clutched his revolver with terrible earnestness. Evan was within range, but he never halted. He was about to spring over the fence into the pathway beyond, when John West, his passionate jealousy wrought beyond control, fired two shots upon the fugitive.

A wild shriek followed the report. Evan fell.

"Ah!" cried West, "he has not escaped me." Then, with sudden, restless energy at the knowledge of his crime, he exclaimed, as the first murderer exclaimed when he beheld his handiwork, "Oh, God! what have I done?"

For an instant he gazed with horror upon the unfamiliar scene. Evan lay still, lifeless apparently, upon the snow. From a wound in his side the blood trickled, and tinged the pure snow with its ghastly, crimson hue. West fled from the sickening sight directly toward the village, where his haggard looks were noticed and mentioned half in secret. "He looks like a ruined man," he heard one whisper to a friend. He called for brandy at the village inn, and, throwing down half a dollar, drank a huge draught, and waited for no change. Wandering out into the road again he threw up his arms insanely and murmured:

"My child! my little daughter Milly!"

Miriam, meanwhile, recovering from her faint, tortured by a dread anxiety, followed their footsteps in the snow. Wearied, almost heart-broken, she reached the fence where Evan lay, bleeding and unconscious.

"Not dead!" she cried. "Surely not dead, and at my husband's hand! Have I this sin to answer for? He cannot, must not die!"

John West's misery was intense. The first thought of his innocent daughter increased his anguish tenfold. He knew not what to do. Should he leave the child to the tender mercies of the woman of whose falseness and faithlessness he had, as he thought, sufficient proof? Heaven forbid! How could he hope that the child would receive any portion of her love and tenderness? Perhaps she would even cast little Milly upon the charity of strangers. Perhaps (and that would be worse infinitely) she would teach the child to loathe the memory of her father.

What would they say of him he wondered? When he was miles away, as he hoped to be next day, would they brand his name with infamy? Was he a murderer? Surely the crime was justified in the vindication of his honor?

Honor? What honor had he? Was he not an outcast now, a fugitive, a wanderer?

"A merry Christmas to ye, West."

It was the greeting of a passing villager who had recognized him. John West started and turned pale. He knew that his face betrayed him. He felt how very pale it was. He knew that the blood had left his parched lips and fled into his inflamed and swollen eyes. He tried to mutter a reply, but no words would come. He could not return that honest, homely greeting.

"Great heaven! are you sick, man?" the villager next said. "How you tremble, surely."

"It is nothing," said West, forcing himself to speak. "I had a faint a while ago. I think I am better now."

"You don't look it. One would think you had met with evil spirits—ghosts!"

"Pshaw! there are no such things."

"Or a dead body?"

"A what!" screamed John West, trembling visibly now. Had the man seen anything? he wondered.

"Many a poor traveler has been buried in the snow. But, cheer up, man. I don't suppose dead men lie about these parts very often. He! he! I've got a great mind I'd tell ye!"

"Tell me—what!"

West clutched convulsively at the man's arm.

"Good Lord! how nervous you are, for sure? Well, it's a secret, mind, and you mustn't pretend to know—and, above all, don't say I told ye. The villagers intend giving a surprise party, to-morrow. They do, upon my word. You see, we can't keep Christmas properly at home, so we intend to borrow your kitchen, and—Good Lord, man, how you shiver!"

"A surprise party!" thought John West. "Yes, a posse of constables to arrest me, most likely."

"We intend to have a rare good time," continued the villager, quite carried away with enthusiasm. "There's to be masquerading, and a dance or two—if so be as Mrs. West is willing?—and a barrel of home brewed. Joe Perkins will bring his fiddle, and——"

There was a sudden stop, for West, with a quick movement, turned upon his heel and fled. Without a moment's pause or hesitation the frenzied man ran with the utmost speed in the direction of his own house, the scene of the recent tragedy.

But he did not pass the spot where he had last looked upon the inanimate body of Evan Merle. He took a long detour, sometimes along the lane, sometimes through great snowdrifts which threatened to overwhelm him. He took little heed of any obstacle. His thoughts once more reverted to the child. He tried to persuade himself that the crime had been committed for her sake; that it was his duty to take her with him upon his wanderings. He could not leave her to the tender mercies of a world which would teach her to despise him. He knew that he would never see her again, if he left her, even for a day.

Yes, he must take the child at all hazards. She was the only being whose love was innocent and pure. But would not the fact of his having her with him lead to suspicion, perhaps to discovery? No. He would travel by unfrequented paths, until he was a long distance from his home. But would not the cold air injure her? Well, better that than to leave her to her fate. He would take great care of her. He must have something to love, something to mould after his own pattern.

But Miriam?

"She will have the farm," he muttered. "Surely I may have something, too. Milly will comfort and encourage me. Better to stay here and brave all, than to leave without my child. I will love her with my whole heart. Henceforth my life shall be devoted to her. She shall know no sorrow that I may endure. I will overcome every obstacle for her sake."

This was his resolve. It seemed like a vow to heaven. He raised his head for the first time since he had left the village. But it fell again, and he groaned. All above him was dark and still. There was no breeze to carry his pledge upon its wing; no star to give him hope of future brightness; nothing but one dark leaden cloud above him. Nothing beneath his feet but the snow which his hand had stained.

The wretched man drew nearer to his home, trembling partly with fear, partly with excitement. He looked in at the open window. The kitchen was deserted. No. The child, Milly, was still slumbering there. He entered cautiously, and was filling his pockets with food, little heeding what, to sustain them for a day, when a sound from the adjoining room caused him to suspend his breath. He paused and listened.

Within that room Miriam was engaged in binding the wounds of the still unconscious Evan.

She had conveyed him to the house during his absence, and was now engaged in endeavors to restore him to consciousness.

"Evan," she said, "dear Evan, do speak to me again?"

"Ah!" muttered West between his teeth, "is not this an acknowledgment of her faithlessness? No longer need I scruple. They are justly punished—both."

She spoke again.

"Can he indeed be dead? Oh, no, no!" she cried, hysterically. "And John! Where is he? Have I lost him, too?"

She arose wildly to her feet and staggered to the door; but West, noting her action, had already seized the sleeping child (who, awakening, remained silent from surprise) and sped swiftly from the place.

"He is dead, it seems," thought West, with a shudder. "But his fate was deserved. Better for me if I had thrust them forth. Better for her that he is dead, and that I am here—here with dear Milly at the mercy of heaven—an outcast and a fugitive!

"Heaven will protect and forgive me," he continued, "for your sweet sake, little wanderer. Ah! Milly, you are motherless, now; you and I are alone in the world!"

He wrapped the child within the folds of his heavy coat to protect her from the bitterness of the night. Then, once more, he passed from the limits of the farm, and, making for the open country, continued his melancholy journey. Whither, he neither knew nor cared, so that it might be to some place where none would know or question him.

Through the night he wandered. Past straggling homesteads, through many a familiar wood and thicket. He never paused until the daylight came, then he stayed to rest awhile and to moisten at a spring some simple food which he had brought for Milly's nourishment.

During the daytime he remained hidden in the woods; when evening came again he resumed his journey. Next day he struck upon a railroad track many weary miles from home.

Following this track, he reached a simple village where he was quite unknown, and here he took the cars for a distant city, having first purchased such trifling articles as were necessary to the comfort of little Milly and himself.

CHAPTER III.

MIRIAM'S TRIAL.

"And John, where is he?" murmured Miriam. "Have I lost him, too?"

Poor Miriam, there was another, and a least expected, blow reserved for the crowning agony of all.

It is the darkest hour before dawn, they say, but the sober gray light, which should soothe our distress, is often very, very long in coming to relieve us.

Miriam thought that her darkest hour had surely come, but it was not so, for the loss of her child was as yet unknown to her.

Leaving for a moment the room where Evan lay, her thoughts turned, as a mother's always do, to the one being who could give her comfort in this world.

"Poor Milly," she mused, "can it be reserved for you to be the peacemaker, my darling?"

Naturally she turned toward the child's bed. It was empty!

Could she be dreaming? Surely, the child must be there? "Milly!" she cried aloud, but there was no reply. She leant over the bed in a dazed, stupified way. She could not realize that the innocent face, which would smile so sweetly in its sleep, at the least sound of mother's voice, would welcome it no more! or that the little dimpled arms, which anticipated her embrace, though the child still slumbered, would never, sleeping or waking, clasp her lovingly again.

"Milly! Milly!" she cried, hysterically. "My poor child!" Then for a moment she sank upon her knees. "Gone!" she exclaimed, with a vague idea of the terrible truth at last. "Oh, no, not gone. John, John, you have not robbed me of my child?"

She did not swoon, she did not cry for help. She opened the door gently, and looked out upon the night. All was still. One star was brightly shining in the sky—the same one, perhaps, which centuries ago, on this same evening, guided the wise men of the East toward the birthplace of a little child whom powerful men desired to take away from his loving mother, too!

Was it a hopeful sign? She did not heed it then. Her eyes wandered down the path across the farm, but the newly-drifted snow had filled all tracks, and she knew that search would be useless. She felt that her husband had robbed her. Great heaven! what did he think her then, that he must do this? Had he lost all love, all pity, all respect; or was he mad, frenzied with jealousy and rage?

"I can forgive much," she said. "Scorn, contempt, loathing. You may accuse me falsely, John, and I will not murmur; but this is beyond endurance! In your mad passion you have attempted my brother's life; you have deserted me, it seems, without a word in parting or explanation. But my love was yours, and my heart was broken. Still, not content with my unhappiness, you have added this. John West, my love is yours no longer! My heart has no feeling now but for my child—my child! I cannot curse you, for then, in your hands, the child might suffer, too; but henceforth you have my hatred, my contempt. I will follow you to the grave!"

A sound from the adjoining room called her to herself. Instantly she was at her brother's side.

"Miriam, where am I?" he questioned, anxiously. His eyes had already wandered round the room, impressed by his strange surroundings, and with a vacant look he appealed to her for explanation.

"You are here—with me, dear brother," she replied. "Thank God," she added, mentally, "he will recover. Then, perhaps, John may return, when the heat of his passion is over! I will forgive him, if he will restore to me my child!"

"I dreamed that you were near me, Miriam," said the wounded man. "But how is it that I am so weak? and why do they permit you to——. Am I not under arrest? They pursued me, I remember——"

"Oh, no," said Miriam.

"Is it a dream then? I thought I was trying to escape from them, and that some one called to me to stop, and fired. Is it not so? Yes, for here I feel the wound."

"You are quite safe, Evan," said Miriam. "You will be better soon."

He passed his hand to his forehead, as if struggling to remember some circumstance which being half-forgotten perplexed him strangely.

"I recollect. It was your husband," he said. "I forgive him, for he did not know——"

Exhausted, he sank back upon his pillow. Miriam, her head upon its edge, gave vent to a passionate flood of tears.

Recovering presently, and noting her distress, he whispered:

"Where is your husband, Miriam?"

"Gone," she answered, and her sobs broke forth anew. "He has not returned since——. Oh, Evan! he has taken away my child!"

Her brother groaned. All Miriam's troubles had originated through him he knew. However evil his recent life had been, he was not quite devoid of feeling yet, and he bitterly repented the cowardice which had tempted him to sacrifice her peace and happiness.

He recovered but slowly. On the day following Miriam sought experienced aid from the village, endeavoring at the same time to gain tidings of her husband. The latter effort was vain. The villagers related all they knew of his excited conduct in the street and lane, but he had returned to the farm afterwards, they were nearly certain of that.

"You are mistaken, surely," said one. "John West would never play hide and seek like that! Run away! Why, only last night we were talking (he seemed a little strange in his manner, certainly), talking of a surprise party at the farm to-day. He broke away from me hurriedly, as if he had forgotten something and must hasten home. Run away! It's a trick he's putting on us, you may depend on that. I'd as soon believe that it was myself that was on the way to California this blessed minute, instead of going home directly as I am; and as maybe John West is doing also."

She shook her head. She could not tell them of her wounded brother, nor of the child's absence. These are themes too sacred for such casual talk. He had not passed through the village. He had not traveled by rail. This she had learned, and it was all she could learn from them. Time enough for them to know the facts when rumor, with her ever willing tongue, made common sport of her desolation, and heaped coals of fire upon her head by vilifying her name and her absent husband's too. She even began to find excuses for him in her heart, for she loved him, loved his good name, and it was a vivifying thought that prompted her to hope that he would, by some means, gain tidings of Evan's recovery and relationship, and return to her speedily. If not, all would be explained and set right one day, and they would all be the better and happier for this trouble.

The news soon spread. It was the topic of the hour. The villagers, who had held John West so high in their esteem, shook their heads very gravely and said something must be wrong. Then when the scandal increased, they shook their fists as well as their heads, and it would have fared ill with John West if he had returned to his home just then.

CHAPTER V.

THE FLIGHT, AND WHAT FOLLOWED.

Accompanied by the child, John West traveled many weary miles—sometimes by rail, sometimes by the road; often in disguise and under many aliases. At length he decided that it was safer to resume his own name, because the child would sometimes lisp it among strangers, and that would create suspicion. He was in quite a different part of the country now, and was confident that pursuit would never reach him there.

He had a little money, and until that was nearly gone he wandered restlessly from place to place, uncertain which to make his home, or in what capacity to seek employment. The latter point was settled, not against his will, but quite by accident.

He was staying at an inn, where also were boarding, temporarily, a company of actors, who were traveling through several States, performing, to well-pleased audiences, a favorite drama; and, by some chance, John West and little Milly were thrown into the society of the ladies and gentlemen who were attached to this company. The ladies, as women always do who have none of their own, praised the child, and pitied her because her mother was dead (whereat John West winced), and desired to purchase her for her weight in gold, and performed several other fashionable freaks with Milly, much to John's discomfiture, for the ladies of the stage are women, after all, and sympathetic women, too.

West, being a stranger, found favor with the gentlemen—albeit, they were somewhat critical, they were also strangers in that "cross-eyed place"—and the situation of assistant agent being vacant, John West applied for and was installed in that position temporarily, until another gentleman, full-blown in the business and in his tailor's books, could be imported from New York.

The ladies were pleased to think that little Milly could remain with them, and they were very kind indeed to her. John was comforted to know that the child would not be entirely neglected (often he had regretted the fatal step, for her sake), and even began to hope that he might hold his situation for some time to come, so that Milly might have their gentle care.

"If you should remain, John," the manager often said, "we might make something of the child. Prodigies are scarce. In a year or two she might do something astonishing, and, under instruction, make a fine position in our company."

But John's child was not born to be an actress, he said, and he didn't believe in prodigies or anything of the sort.

Yet John had to believe in making his living in some way. So in one capacity or another he remained in connexion with the company for a year or more, until one day they were venturing upon forbidden ground—going too near to Langston in point of fact. So John West, upon some flimsy pretext, took his departure with the salary due to him.

He came to this city then, ever hiding from the sight of any whom he thought might recognize him. Accustomed now to the society of actors, he frequented their haunts, and became known as "West, the Morose," "West, the Misanthropical," and by other playful appellations of a like nature.

When there was a vacancy to tend the stage door of the theatre, West joyfully accepted it. His chief duties were to scan the faces of those who passed his office, forbidding access to the wearers of unfamiliar ones, to run on small errands to the manager's room, and to take charge of the place at night. Here he would never be recognized! Here he could learn one day to forget! Here he would strive to make Milly truly happy!

Buried in this dingy place he had remained to this day, when memory played the truant, and these scenes were re-enacted vividly before him. He had never yet expressed the slightest discontent. Sometimes, in a restless way, he would stand for a few moments at the open door, looking upward to the sky; especially when at Christmas time the snow fell upon his sleeve. Then he would sigh wearily, while brushing it away, and, taking Milly into his arms, caress her tenderly.

* * * * * * *

Evan recovered slowly. Miriam grew pale and wan, for he, too, had expressed his determination to leave the farm and seek fortune in a new life across the sea.

In vain she expostulated.

"I shall be traced if I remain," he said, "and you will lose me, anyway. Besides, your husband is in Europe, doubtless. I might find him and restore him to you."

But this was not to be. Miriam pondered, then gently shook her head. If John had taken passage in a New York steamer, she would already have received information of it. Her diligent inquiries had resulted in utter failure. Meanwhile, without her brother's knowledge, she had pursued inquiry also, upon his behalf, and one day a letter came which contained tidings of the death of Evan's persecutor.

"So you need no longer suffer alarm, dear Evan," she said. "You must assume your proper name and station here. I shall appoint you manager of the farm during John's absence. He must return one day, or I shall find him, never fear."

After some demur he accepted the stewardship. That was an evil hour for Miriam West.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

MEDICAL MUSIC.

CURIOUS INSTANCES OF CURES.

There is a curious article in Dr. Burney's History of Music, "On the Medicinal Powers attributed to Music by the Ancients," which he derived from the learned labors of a modern physician, M. Burette, who doubtless could play a tune as well as prescribe one to his patient. He conceives that music can relieve the pains of the sciatica, and that independent of the greater or less skill of the musician. By flattering the ear and diverting the attention, and occasioning certain vibrations of the nerves, it can remove these obstructions which occasion this disorder. M. Burette, and many modern physicians and philosophers, have believed that music has the power of affecting the mind and the whole nervous system, so as to give temporary relief in certain diseases, and even a radical cure.

Homer, whose heroes exhibited high passions, but not refined manners, represents the Grecian army as employing music to stay the raging of the plague. The Jewish nation, in the time of King David, appear not to have been much further advanced in civilization; accordingly we find David employed in his youth to remove the mental derangement of Saul by his harp. The method of cure was suggested as a common one in those days by Saul's servants, and the success is not mentioned as a miracle. Pindar, with poetic license, speaks of Æsculapius healing acute disorders with soothing songs. Boyle and Shakspeare mention the effects of music *super versicam*. Kircher's "Musurgia" and Swinburn's "Travels" relate the effect of music on those who are bitten by the tarantula.

The ancients record miracles; at least none in "the golden legend" appear to be more so than the tales they relate of the medicinal powers of music. A fever is removed by a song, and deafness is cured by a trumpet, and the pestilence is chased away by the sweetness of an harmonious lyre.

"Music and the sound of instruments," says the lively Vignul de Marville, "contribute to the health of the body and the mind; they assist the circulation of the blood; they dissipate vapors, and open the vessels, so that the action of perspiration is freer." He tells a story of a person of distinction, who assured him that once being suddenly seized by violent illness, instead of a consultation of physicians, he immediately called a band of musicians and their violins played so well in his inside, that his bowels became perfectly in tune, and in a few hours were harmoniously becalmed. I once heard a story of Farinelli, the famous singer, who was sent for to Madrid, to try the effect of his magical voice on the King of Spain. His majesty was buried in the profoundest melancholy; nothing could raise an emotion in him; he lived in a total oblivion of life; he sat in a darkened chamber, entirely given up to the most distressing kind of madness. The physicians ordered Farinelli at first to sing in an outer room; and for the first day or two this was done without any effect on the royal patient. At length it was observed that the King, awakening from his stupor, seemed to listen; on the next day tears were seen starting in his eyes; the day after he ordered the door of his room to be left open, and, at length, the perturbed spirit entirely left our modern Saul, and the medicinal voice of Farinelli effected what no other medicine could.

ORIGIN OF THE GOD HYMEN.—Hymen was a young man of Athens, obscurely born, but extremely handsome. Falling in love with a young lady of distinction, he disguised himself in a female habit, in order to get access to her and enjoy the pleasure of her company. As he happened to be one day in this disguise with his mistress and her female companions, celebrating on the seashore the rites of Ceres Eleusina, a gang of pirates came upon them by surprise and carried them all off. The pirates, having conveyed them to a distant island, got drunk for joy and fell asleep. Hymen seized his opportunity, armed the virgins, and despatched the pirates; after which, leaving the ladies on the island, he went in haste to Athens, where he told his adventure to all the parents, and demanded her he loved in marriage, as her ransom. His request was granted, and so fortunate was the marriage that the name of Hymen was ever afterwards invoked on all future nuptials, and in progress of time the Greeks enrolled him among their gods.

BEAUTY gains little, and homeliness and deformity lose much, by gaudy attire. Lysander knew this was in part true, and refused the rich garments that the tyrant Dionysius proffered to his daughter, saying that they were fit only to make unhappy faces more remarkable.

WORDS, "those tickle daughters of the earth," are the creation of a being that is finite, and when applied to explain that which is infinite, they fail; for that which is made surpasses not the maker, nor can that which is immeasurable by our thoughts be measured by our tongues.

LOVE'S PHOTOGRAPH.

BY A. F.

I've a portrait already of thee, ladie mine.
Love used the photographer's art.
You look'd for a while with your bonny bright smile,
And 'twas fix'd on my sensitive heart.

You do not believe it? Then see in my eyes
This image that dwells in my breast,
Thy miniature, beauty mine, loving and gay,
Jumps up to convince you, and when you're away,
Sinks back to the place of its rest.

WRUNG FROM THE GRAVE;

OR,

The Stolen Heiress.

BY MARY E. WOODSON.

[This serial was commenced in No. 7, Vol. 54. Back numbers can be obtained from all newsdealers throughout the United States, or direct from this office.]

CHAPTER XLVI.

CECIL DUPRE IN ANOTHER DIFFICULTY.

The business house of Danvers & Leslie was again open to the eyes of the world. The crape of yesterday was thrown aside, and customers came and went as of old, chatting with the clerks, or with each other, as though that farce of the last few days had been a jolly good thing, and the getters-up deserving of especial credit.

Mr. Leslie came first of the masters, with a decorously serious face; but he had scarcely seated himself, when Mr. Vance looked in, serious enough, too; but there was a blended expression of anger and triumph that would assert itself, despite his solemn deference for the chief before him and his reverence for the lady who was dead.

"May I claim your immediate attention, Mr. Leslie, on a matter of the utmost importance to us, sir?" he asked.

"Always, always, Mr. Vance," replied his employer, with a sigh of resignation. "Come in. And now tell me what it is that perplexes your wise head. But remember that we lack the best brain in the concern, since Ward has gone, and be as compassionate as you can, for I have not yet recovered my usual health."

"We have more reasons than you will be quite willing to believe to regret that Mr. Ward has gone," returned the cashier, significantly. "I have a rather startling revelation to make to you, sir."

"Well, man, in God's name, speak out! Have you any new reasons for thinking he took the money that has well nigh crazed you?"

"He has taken with him an additional ten thousand!" said Mr. Vance, with emphasis. "I told you, sir, that I felt assured of his guilt, in spite of Jarvis. But as you empowered him so fully, I could do nothing. I placed the cash-box, brought in by Captain Washburne the day before he left, in Ward's desk, and, as the house has been closed, I had no opportunity, until this morning, of ascertaining that the *box had been robbed after it was put there.* About a hundred of the one hundred dollar notes are taken out, besides a few pieces of gold coin."

"Good God, Mr. Vance! can you be telling the truth? Could any man in his senses be so barefaced as that!"

"Well, it will be easy enough to discover the thief, now, as you must confess, sir; but I have sent for your man Jarvis, and—ah! there he is now. I will save time by making my statement to both of you at once."

Mr. Vance threw open the door, like an automatic gentleman usher, and bowed in the detective. Then he stood up in front of Mr. Leslie, who had become deeply interested in his turn, and made his statement, dwelling upon every minutiæ down to his own formal shake of the hand with Walter Ward.

"Mr. Ward transacting his business at the desk after the money was put in it. Mr. Ward going out with you afterwards. Mr. Dupre leaving young Mr. Manning alone in the office for half an hour or more. W-h-e-w!" whistled the detective, energetically. "Give them rope enough, and I know they would hang themselves. We shall make a clear case of it, sir."

"I trust in God you may," replied Mr. Leslie, with an angry frown upon his usually clear face. "Such betrayal of confidence is infamous."

"Then I am to proceed at once to expose the culprit?" said Mr. Jarvis, catachotically.

"Assuredly!" exclaimed the irate gentleman. "Though he were my own son, I should not wish to cloak such infamy."

"Then," replied the officer, rattling the keys in his pocket, as though they were a brace of handcuffs which he kept in constant readiness, "we will begin, if you please, as soon as I have asked a question and obtained a promise. Question: Were those notes numbered, Mr. Vance, and can you give me a statement of them, one and all?"

"I can," replied Mr. Vance, concisely.

"Now for the promise, gentlemen, both," said the officer, snapping his fingers. "I must have your full but silent concurrence in any, or every measure that I may adopt."

"We promise," replied Mr. Leslie; while Mr. Vance, perceiving that his employer had answered for both, acquiesced with a bow.

"Then," pursued the officer, "we will, if you please, call in Mr. Manning. Mr. Vance, will you summon the young man?"

Mr. Vance rang the bell with such energy that one might have imagined he relished the duty exceedingly; and a moment later, St. Julian Manning entered the room with the look of a man who expected to receive some very agreeable communication, though in what manner he had not been able to guess. Mr. Jarvis, noticing that he did not seem as well in health as usual, and having heard of his recent illness, was quite womanly in sympathy. Then he referred to a little business on hand, and requested Mr. Vance to go over his former statement, which that gentleman did in a strictly business manner.

"It is *impossible!*" cried St. Julian, aghast. "No man in his senses could have been so mad! It is all some horrible dream!"

Mr. Jarvis looked at him as though he were measuring him for a new suit of clothes, and related that the desk had certainly been robbed on the day of Mr. Ward's departure for India of ten thousand dollars in *Bank of England notes*, and gold."

"My dear Mr. Jarvis," Mr. Vance began, quite impatiently, when that worthy interrupted him with the yet more positive statement, "mostly in Bank of England currency, as we are led to suppose; at least until we can hear from Washburne, which will be fully six months from now—and, as I was saying in gold! Now, Mr. Manning, can you help us to a suggestion?"

"Would to heaven I could!" he answered, with such vehemence that even Mr. Vance looked up in surprise. "I cannot even form a conjecture, gentlemen. Ward is gone, it is true, and some other in his place might have helped to escape with the money. But I would as soon believe that I had taken it, in a fit of somnambulism, or insanity. For him it was impossible."

"We may live all our lives with some of your deep ones, and never know them," replied the officer, dryly. "Mr. Manning, will you inform us how you were occupied during the half hour or so that Mr. Dupre left you alone in the office on last Tuesday evening?"

"Good heavens!" exclaimed St. Julian, growing suddenly almost as white as the wall beyond him. "I was so ill as quite to have forgotten that very unpleasant circumstance. Mr. Leslie, Mr. Jarvis, you *dare* not hint that I——"

"My dear sir, we have hinted nothing," interrupted the detective, mildly. "The most innocent persons are often environed by worse evidence than that. I know what you did. You were taken from here quite ill. The cabman took you directly home, and he and the gentleman next door were compelled to lift you into the house. The gentleman in question was your physician, and, wishing to dispatch a servant for medicine, had occasion to notice that you had only a fifty dollar bill and small notes in your pocket. You will excuse me, I am sure, as an officer, for having taken the trouble to find out so much. You are as anxious as any one to have this matter investigated, I presume?"

"Indeed, I am, sir," he answered, eagerly.

"Then you must be patient. Now if Mr. Ward did take the money with him, I can't see why any one here should be regarded as a partner in his guilt."

"Mr. Ward is as innocent as you or I!" exclaimed St. Julian, indignantly. "He is not here to defend himself, and I will hold any one responsible for bringing charges against him which they are not prepared to substantiate."

"Ourselves first, and our friends afterwards. That would be fair, I am sure," replied Mr. Jarvis, with one of his most insinuating smiles. "There is no way of proving that he did not take the money, as you must confess, like proving that *some one else did.* And for this purpose I must beg you to allow me to take the matter entirely in hand. Now, Mr. Vance, will you bring in Mr. Cecil Dupre?"

Mr. Vance turned toward Mr. Leslie, as though waiting to receive that gentleman's permission. The employer, with his brows lowering yet more darkly, bowed in acquiescence, when Mr. Vance stepped to the door and gave an order to a passing salesman.

He had returned to his old position near Mr. Leslie, when Cecil Dupre, dressed superbly in a half naval costume that set off his fine person and really beautiful features to the best advantage, sauntered gracefully in. He had greeted Mr. Leslie with a smile, when his eyes fell upon the officer, and each of the beholders imagined that he grew a shade paler.

"Now, Mr. Dupre," said Mr. Jarvis, in a tone of sympathy, as though he deprecated the necessity of having to bore him at all, "I have been told by your friend, Mr. Leslie, here, how you dislike all complicated business discussions, but I really must trouble you this morning with a little matter."

"Then I must beg you," said Cecil, in a tone of which the slight tremor became visible from his effort to suppress it, "to be as official, or, in other words, as brief as possible, or I shall be unable to follow you."

"Taking you at your word, then," and Mr. Jarvis eyed Mr. Dupre quite complacently now, as though, in his amateur tailoring capacity, he had the greatest desire to shake hands with the adept who had furnished him his outfit, "I wanted to ask you if you could help us to guess what has become of *fifteen thousand dollars* that has been stolen from this house?"

"*Fifteen thousand!*" stammered Cecil, confusedly, while his eyes had the fixed look of the glass counterfeits worn by the blind. "*Fifteen!* Mr. Jarvis; I don't understand," he continued, while, despite the ashen hue that made his delicate face anything but an attractive one, they each observed that he glanced, half-accusingly, at St. Julian Manning.

"Forgive me," said Mr. Jarvis, quickly; "I have quite startled you, I see, and I don't wonder at it."

He then touched lightly on the first deficit, as though they had just discovered that also, and wound up with an account of Captain Washburn's deposit.

"This last was made on Tuesday, you know, when we could not go to the bank. Now, Mr. Dupre, when you wrote those letters for Mr. Leslie, did you notice the captain's boy inside the desk?"

"I did not, sir," said Cecil, flushing up in his turn as he grew more composed. "I was there but a short time, as these gentlemen can testify, and wrote a great many letters in considerable haste. Mr. Manning went in after me, and as he had some of the more intricate business of the firm to transact, and remained here all the evening, perhaps *he* may throw some light on the subject."

He had been looking down at the whale on the rug, as if it were a living thing and he might be swallowed without a moment's warning. But he seemed to gain courage as he saw that the eyes of all were turned upon St. Julian, and he touched the mimic monster with his exquisite boot.

"How dare *you* presume so much, sir?" cried St. Julian, pale with anger. "I did not occupy the desk any longer than you did, and was so ill that I could scarcely see the paper before me. Mr. Vance can say how long I was there."

"I dare say," returned Cecil, now coolly spurning the king of the watery tribe with his foot; "but you were *alone* in here, as well as in the whole house, for quite a time, and you may inform us whether you fell asleep, and so furnished an opportunity to some cunning thief, or whether they overpowered you and took it, *ei et armis*, before your face."

"And do you suppose, you insolent puppy, that I would not have reported under such circumstances?" hissed St. Julian, striding toward him, while Mr. Jarvis held him off.

"I don't know whether you would or not. *You might have been too sick!*" replied Cecil, with a slow, cruel laugh.

"For heaven's sake, Dupre, if you have any respect for yourself or me, be quiet!" commanded Mr. Leslie, sternly. "Mr. Manning, remember also, if you please, that you are in my presence!"

"Yes, gentlemen, oblige us by keeping cool," said the detective, himself the very impersonation of a patent refrigerator, in which all the secrets and crimes of the great city might be deposited for safe keeping. "Mr. Dupre, you are wrong, very wrong, though you may not have thought so. Now, listen to me, each of you, in the strictest confidence. Mr. Leslie's *proteges*, Mr. Walter Ward, has run off with the money."

"It is false!" cried St. Julian, with another angry start, "utterly and absolutely false! He no more has it than Mr. Vance has!"

"Now, can you not be calm!" said the officer, in his most persuasive tone. "Youth is *so* impatient, *so* trusting, and *so* indiscreet," and, seeming to be looking full at St. Julian still, he surveyed Mr. Dupre from the corners of his eyes, and saw the latter give a quick start at the mention of Walter's name, and turn toward them as if possessed by a new and sudden thought.

"Oblige me by making as little use of *my* name as possible," said Mr. Vance, frigidly. "My long acquaintance with Danvers & Leslie, and my services under them, entitle me to stipulate so far, I think."

"And you are determined to convince us of the utter infamy of the man I would have trusted as I have done Vance," said Mr. Leslie to the officer, with an expression of keen anguish upon his fine countenance. "Oh, Walter! Walter! after all my efforts in your behalf, has it indeed come to this?"

"By heavens, he *is* the man!" cried Cecil, with ill-concealed joy. "I had no thought of *him!* And how strange that I did not? Ah! Mr. Leslie, I have occasion, as you know, to remember his record at school. One could scarcely expect to take an outcast from a robbers' den and make a gentleman of him. Mr. Manning, I see at once that I have done you an injustice, and I beg your pardon."

He held out his small white hand, but St. Julian folded his and looked him indignantly in the face.

"I am alike indifferent to your good or bad opinion. I only warn you to be cautious how you speak of me to—gentlemen."

"Heigh, ho!" returned Cecil, amiably shrugging his shoulders, while he changed his base and stood triumphantly with both feet upon the life-like ship. "They will be vindictive, you see. But how is the money to be recovered, Mr. Jarvis?"

"I am afraid we may not do so at all," returned that functionary. "Mr. Ward will, of course, never go to India; or, if he does not escape at any of the points they touch, he will lose himself as soon as he goes ashore, and we shall never hear of him again. A happy riddance; and yet how I would like to take him in charge! In the meantime, we must do what we can. The Ariadne, a government vessel, will leave our port to-morrow, and she may pass the East Indiaman. We must lay our charges on Captain Cullen, and he will do all that is required. Ward has the money as sure as my name is John Jarvis!"

"*You* cannot believe that?" said St. Julian, turning appealingly to Mr. Leslie.

"He must believe something, Mr. Manning," said Mr. Vance, coldly, "until the contrary——"

"There is no contrary in the matter," interrupted the detective, hastily. "I will prove it to you in six months, when you find that Ward has never been heard from. In the meantime, let the matter be hushed here. I must beg you both, Mr. Manning and Mr. Dupre, that as you will not speak of it to each other, so you will be equally guarded to keep it a secret from every one else in the house; and, as there is nothing more to be done, I will bid you good-morning."

Mr. Jarvis sauntered out as though he had been driving a successful bargain for the sale of goods, while Mr. Vance, on the contrary, appeared as though he were expecting to be transported to India, or some other remote quarter of the globe, where all his old pursuits in life must be given up and he would be required to choose a new profession.

"Am I to put Temple or Manning in the vacant place, sir?" he asked at length, turning to Mr. Leslie.

"You may let them remain as they are, I think, Mr. Vance," replied that gentleman, in some confusion. "Is there no one else?"

"There is Tom Lloyd, sir."

"Ah, yes! I had forgotten. If you think he will do, take him. Mr. Manning, you will resume your old post."

St. Julian retired at once with Mr. Vance, and Mr. Leslie beckoned Cecil Dupre to his side.

"I have some good news for you," he said, confidentially. "Mr. Danvers has just sent me a lengthy epistle from one Stewart Roscoe, a maternal great-uncle of yours, I believe, who is now in England. The gentleman in question is an aged bachelor of immense fortune, and writes that he will be in New York in a month or so, when he proposes to make your acquaintance, and if he finds you the right sort of person—I should judge him to be a little particular in his ideas—he will at once settle upon you a handsome fortune, when you will be able to take some fixed position, both as regards your private and public career."

Cecil read the letter eagerly once or twice, and seemed to have no fears about being found the "right sort of person." He came out at last, radiant with smiles, and, finding that his business would require a visit to the basement of the house, he passed around to the head of the stairway, and ran gaily down. As he reached the lower floor he heard a quick step behind him, and on looking back beheld St. Julian Manning following him with flashing eyes, the veins on his white forehead swollen like whip-cord.

"Stop!"

St. Julian had reached a door from which led a second flight of steps, and now paused upon the threshold.

"I don't suppose you were addressing *me*, Mr. Manning?" he said, complacently.

"You are a liar, sir; you know I was!" cried St. Julian, quite beside himself with passion. "I have been thinking of your double slanders up-stairs, and have decided that I cannot, as a gentleman, stand them."

"Then if I were you—which is quite an impossible hypothesis, but I make it for the sake of argument—I *wouldn't* stand it," replied Cecil, with a contemptuous laugh; "but as you are so very different a person, Mr. Manning, I may tell *you* that it is entirely useless to show such fine spirit around me, for I am not going to fight *you*."

"Then I will publish you as a coward, if I cannot do so as a thief!" hissed St. Julian from between his clenched teeth; "so take that, and that, in proof of it," and in a flash he had given Cecil a couple of blows across the mouth that stained his lips with blood and well-nigh sent his white teeth down his throat.

Cecil was somewhat stronger and stouter than his adversary, and he was no coward. He only felt, in his insolent, ill-founded pride, that he had been struck by this common young fellow, and, white with wrath, he drew a pistol and leveled it at St. Julian's breast.

"Say your prayers!" he exclaimed, fiercely, "for you are a dead man!"

There was the flash of some exploded powder, and the next instant Mr. Cecil Dupre lay at the foot of the steps, down which he had been furiously hurled by his adversary, while St. Julian, springing after him, planted his knee upon his breast, and clutched him by the throat.

"I am conquered," he gasped. "For God's sake, desist! I hear some one coming. You will lose your place for this assault. But I would not have them know you had had me like this. Rise, for the love of heaven, and this shall be a secret between us!"

St. Julian, half bewildered, drew back and suffered him to stagger to his feet, with a heavy contusion over his left eye, while Mr. Temple's face appeared at the door above.

"What is it? What has happened?" cried the clerk.

"I was awkward enough to tumble down these infernal steps," said Cecil, quickly, "and have well nigh broken my head, as I deserved to do. My pistol went off in my pocket, I believe, though I was so stunned that I scarcely heard it. I wish you would help me back up-stairs."

He took Temple's arm, and almost dragged that young man away, while St. Julian, still enraged, amazed, and bewildered, was left to follow at his leisure.

CHAPTER XLVII.

ARNOLD LESLIE'S HISTORY OF HIMSELF.

St. Julian's mother sat alone in her room on the morning after her recognition of the released convict, Arnold Leslie, as though she were momentarily expecting a *lettre de cachet*, or some other sentence of death.

She had taken her position at one of the windows, and continued in the same vigilant attitude for nearly an hour, when she sprang up, with hands pressed convulsively together, and, hurrying into the passage, threw open the outer door with her own hands. She had seen a visitor at the gate, and seemed evidently anxious that he should not ring for admittance, or in any manner attract the attention even of her servants, if she could avoid it.

The individual had already mounted the steps, and, obeying her mute wave of the hand—for she was yet unable to speak—followed her into the small parlor from which she had emerged.

"I am glad to see," he said, with a cruel smile, "that you were so willing to admit me to your presence. You were watching for me, I observe, an honor that I had no right to expect from the manner in which you drove off from me yesterday and endeavored to lose me in the street. You did not put me to any additional trouble, however—*expense* is out of the question—for it was an easy matter to find *you*, having made the acquaintance of your son on the first evening of my release."

"Wretched man, *could* you approach him!" she cried.

"Only to ascertain his name, and to learn who were the present incumbents of Philip Danvers' house," returned the man, slowly. "I found it convenient at the time to ask him for a little money with which to buy me some food and more suitable raiment than I now wear. He was more liberal than I had any right to expect, and I was even unnecessarily grateful, for I did not then know that it all came from the coffers of my wealthy uncle-at-law."

"Your uncle! Hear him, just heaven!" exclaimed Maude, lifting her hands in horror. "And did not the very food purchased with his money choke you in the swallowing!"

"Somewhat," returned the visitor, with a gentlemanly shrug of the shoulders that was painfully ludicrous in him. "But I will even confess to a lady that it was because I ate with indecent haste, being rather tired of prison fare."

"And you have the heart to jest about it!" she returned, bitterly.

"Thank God that enough of the old spirit revives in me to enable me to do so," he answered, suddenly, in a stern voice, as he advanced before her. "Do *you*, the wife of a relentless demon like Caspar Lenox, dare have any feeling, save of pity, for *me?* Look at me, Arnold Leslie, degraded, wretched as you see me to-day, a creature in the form of a man, who has been hunted like a wild beast, until the miracle is that there is a vestige of anything human about me; chained for twenty long years—oh, my God!—with the offscouring of creation to a life of hard labor in a criminal's cell—having escaped the gallows but by the recommended "mercy" of a jury of twelve men—forced to skulk about even now, where there is a chance of recognition from any who knew me in my youth, because the charge of a second murder, as you say, hangs like the sword of Damocles above my head; and to know myself innocent of all! to have been hunted down thus by the man whose blood flows in the veins of your son! Oh, thank God that I did not slay him in the fury of my revenge!"

"No," she cried, "you dared not. Whatever have been his father's crimes, his hands are not stained with blood."

"Far more than mine. I swear it. Far more than mine!" he exclaimed, seizing her by the arm, until she winced with the pain. "Do you, can you, believe me to have been the murderer of my wife, false as she had become?"

"Why should you deny it to me?" she asked. "Did not the jury of which you have spoken find you guilty?"

"The jury! Yes," he replied, scornfully. "They could not do otherwise, with the evidence before them. The wonder was, as I say, that I did not end my wretched existence on the gallows. And yet I tell you, as God is to judge me at the last day, I was innocent."

"You cannot mean to charge *him*—to charge Caspar with *that!*" she said, in a half whisper, while great beads of perspiration stood on her face.

"No," he answered, sternly. "Cruel and remorseless as has been his pursuit of me, I will not repay him *here*, and on *you*, by that. But, listen to me, and believe me now, for I could have no motive

to tell you anything but the truth. On that fatal night when they induced me to enter the room where my wife was shut up, with the hope that I might calm her frenzy, as you remember, I found her so seemingly rational, that I began to upbraid her, when, without a moment's warning, she drew a knife from the folds of her dress, and plunged it into her own bosom, with a cry that brought in Blount and Payne and the woman of the house from the next room. They had heard my voice in anger, and, as they rushed in, she cried out, 'You have killed me!' and fell dead at my feet. I believe Blount thought me guilty, at first, but I am persuaded he believed me in the end when I told him how it happened. You know of my escape and final arrest, and how, Lenox threatening me with punishment for the supposed murder of George Danvers, my wife's father, if I should declare my real name or appeal to any of my former friends, I agreed, in terror of an unmerited punishment, to keep the unknown name I had assumed. And thus, while Caspar Lenox continued to perpetrate his iniquities with a high hand, I was committed handcuffed into the custody of the sheriff, and forced to renounce even my very name forever."

"Merciful heaven! couldst thou permit an innocent man to suffer thus!" exclaimed the woman, tearfully, raising her eyes to the ceiling. "Ah, no! for you must remember George Danvers' unavenged death! I had gone at that hour of the night to hear, as we supposed, the dying message of Leonora Leslie to her angry father, when, as I passed beyond his reading-room door, I recognized you at the window without. Amazed and horrified, for I knew what would be the result if he beheld you, I saw him turn as you stepped in, and, in the fierceness of his wrath, start toward you. Then followed the murderous discharge of a pistol, and, as the smoke died away, your wife's father lay dead at your feet."

"Yet I swear to you that I did not fire that pistol," reiterated the unhappy man, with an earnestness that it was difficult to discredit. "I had gone there believing, as Miriam Dupre had told me, that he had no right to withhold from me the property that should have come to my wife through her mother, and hoping, on account of her illness, to obtain some concessions from him, for the sake of my innocent child, if I should promise to bring her back. The window stood open, as you say, for it was midsummer, and, while I hesitated in what manner I had best make known my presence, he turned on me, as you observed, and, I swear it, the pistol was fired from *behind* me, though by whom done, and for what purpose, unless it was the devil's own work that I might appear guilty, I do not know."

"But you forget," continued Maude, incredulously, "that George Danvers himself, pointing to the window by which you escaped, declared you his murderer with his last breath."

"How can I forget it," cried Arnold Leslie, as we may truly call him, "when even yet I seem to hear the hue and cry then raised against me? No, I do not forget it. Though in the terror and confusion of the moment I might almost have questioned my own innocence had I not found my pistol in my breast with *every barrel loaded!* You do not believe me I see, and I believe that I should receive a second sentence of death on the evidence. But I am here to lessen the possibility of future recognition and identity."

"And how can I help you?" she asked.

"Give me money," he answered, excitedly. "Philip Danvers' money, if you will. I shall not hesitate to use it; for a large portion of that which is now going to the beggarly crew about him, should by every law of equity be mine. I expose myself every hour in my present destitution, for hunger and wretchedness drive me into the busy thoroughfares of men that I may seek relief. I loathe myself in these wretched garments. My old passion for the luxuries of high life has not deserted me, even under the crushing weight of years and shame that have intervened. Wring it then from Philip Danvers if you will, but money I *must* have!"

"And suppose I refuse," she replied, "to devote his well-meant, though unmerited kindness, to pander to the vices of his family's destroyer?"

"Woman, beware how you taunt me with the crimes of which I have sworn to you my innocence!" he cried, "or you may bring me to them at last by tempting me to revenge all my wrongs even upon you. What do you think the life I now lead is worth to me? If it is to continue thus always, I prefer death, any death; and the sooner the better. I must tell you of a little episode in our prison lives of which you are ignorant. Your husband came upon me one day, face to face, in the work-room. The guard was just outside the door, and he spoke to me, or rather hissed between his clenched teeth, that he owed his fall to me, and his imprisonment to my hated blood. He hinted that Leonora's child and mine had not been buried with her, as I had been assured by Paine and others; but that the boy still lived in the *filth* and *degradation* in which he had been reared by his command. Then he fell upon me, and would have murdered me then and there I am sure, had he not been dragged away and put in chains. He declared to others afterwards that he had made up the story to torture me; but the feeling has gained stronger and stronger possession of me each day that the boy still lives, grown to manhood now, and that through him I may at last recover my lost estate."

"Suppose that he should have survived, in blissful ignorance of the fate of his wretched parents," she exclaimed; "that he may have fallen into kind and honored hands, and is to-day loved and esteemed for his worth, would you drag him down to your level?"

"I would tell him of his father's unjust sufferings," replied Arnold Leslie, proudly lifting his head. "I would give him his true name, and bid him claim the fortune that is his by inheritance. Only tell me where I may find him?"

"You were told that he slept in his mother's grave," replied Maude, averting her head. "And you forget that I, myself, fled from that wicked abode on the same night, and never returned. I, too, was *told* that the child survived the mother but a few hours."

"Then that hope is lost," returned the man, moodily. "And now listen to me. In the prison interview of which I spoke, Caspar Lenox told me of the world he had quitted, and the wife he had renounced, that he might be revenged on me, but he said nothing of his child. I see that you have strangely kept him in ignorance of his son's existence. Now the young man is esteemed and has friends, as in your supposed case awhile ago. Now suppose the father returns and makes himself known as an old convict, thus blighting the boy's prospects for life?"

"He is dead to us!" replied Maude, with a choking sob. "For he has promised to molest me no more in life. Why should he? His professed regard for me had grown the vilest mockery long before your greatest crimes or misfortunes."

"Say misfortunes; it is the true word," responded the man, angrily. "But to return. Caspar Lenox does not know that in place of a faded and helpless woman, for you are not so pretty as you once were, he can have a young and gifted and prosperous son to provide for him in his old age. His nature is not softened, as you may imagine, by his long confinement. When he comes out, as he will soon do now—for the five additional years, added on account of his attempted escape, will expire in a short time—I will only have to hint to him the existence of his son to make him seek you out."

"Ah! my God! you will spare me that? I had intended to escape. He has always imagined St. Julian to be my nephew."

"I imagined it might be unpleasant to you and the boy. And you can escape it if you accept my conditions. I am unable to work, and I am unwilling to starve. My *letters of recommendation* are not sufficient to get me into business just yet, and it is particularly necessary that I should pay as I go now, and not make another bad reputation. I must dress decently, and obtain some quiet lodgings. You can give me what ready money you have this morning, and I can call again, before it is exhausted, to receive the larger supply you must get from Philip Danvers. I see you looking impatiently toward the door; you are expecting visitors perhaps, and I would not be a creditable-looking acquaintance. You can dismiss me at any time," and he folded his arms upon his breast.

"I am expecting my unhappy son!" cried Maude, bitterly. "Here is my purse. Take it and be gone. It is all I have. But, oh, Arnold Leslie! do you not blush at this last degradation?"

"I would have done so, unless your husband had forced me to it," he answered.

"Then take it, in heaven's name, and go. My son observed you with displeasure on yesterday, and he would be most angry to find you here. Go, in mercy to me!"

"This is a small sum," he said, slowly opening the purse and counting the contents. "It will not more than buy me a suit of clothes in the mode; and I shall be, as far as all other wants are concerned, no better off than when I came."

"It is a quarter of my son's yearly salary!" she exclaimed, indignantly. "Take it to squander as you will in the same fopperies that made you the jest of very young men a quarter of a century ago, to waste at the gaming-table, and in every other dissipation——"

"Gentlemanly dissipations," he interrupted. "They used to call me the Count of Monte Christo. With what significence could they do so now."

"But, Arnold Leslie, mark my words," she exclaimed, excitedly. "That money will bring a curse upon you. It is——"

"You are wasting words," he interrupted. "And to show you with what readiness I will appropriate thrice this sum, you will please secure it for me as early as possible. Say by the end of the week."

"I cannot," she cried, wringing her hands despairingly. "I cannot go to him for money, and for you. I should expect to be stricken down dead like Sapphira of old."

"Then I shall wait here and demand it of your son," he returned, throwing himself back upon the sofa. "Under the circumstances, I shall get it from him, I dare say."

"For the love of heaven, no!" she exclaimed, springing up in terror. "He is already angry with you, and I should have to explain; or he would kill you. Hark! that is his voice, I am sure, speaking to a servant in the back yard. Go, and return, if you must, to me in a week," and she threw open the door.

"You will not disappoint me then? You will have the money?" he said, in a warning tone. "A week is a long time."

"I will do what I can. Yes. Go!" and she fairly thrust him out, and had barely locked the door when St. Julian came in. Her agitation was so great that she could scarcely stand, and would assuredly have attracted his attention at any other time, but he was too painfully preoccupied with the new developments in their business relations; and, kissing her fondly, went up to his own room until summoned to dinner.

He had one of his headaches, he explained on coming down—how often with many of us but the sympathetic affection of a weary heartache—and leaving him an hour later, seemingly asleep upon a sofa, she put on her bonnet and shawl, and going out, turned in the direction of Philip Danvers' house.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SHAKSPEARE'S WIT.

It is well known that Queen Elizabeth was a great admirer of Shakspeare, and used frequently, as was the custom of personages of high rank at the period, to appear upon the stage before the audience, or to sit at the back of the stage when the dramas of the bard were performed. One evening, when Shakspeare himself was personating the part of a king, the audience became aware of her majesty's being in the theatre, and testified their appreciation of the presence of royalty in the usual manner. The queen thereupon crossed the stage while he was performing, and on receiving the accustomed greeting from the audience, moved politely toward the poet, who, however, appeared so engrossed in the rendering of his part as not to heed the honor paid him by his royal mistress. Presently the queen caught his eye, and moved again, but still the actor would not throw off his assumed character; this, it appears, made her majesty persist in endeavoring to secure a public acknowledgment of her condescension. Accordingly, as he was about to make his exit, she stepped before him, dropped her glove, and recrossed the stage. This was too strong an intimation of the queen's desire to be left unnoticed. So, upon finishing his speech, he picked up the glove, and so aptly delivered the following impromptu lines, that they seemed to belong to his part:

"And though now bent on this high embassy,
Yet stoop we to take up our cousin's glove."

He presented the glove to the queen, who complimented him upon his behavior under such trying circumstances.

"NOW AND THEN."

BY E. D. W.

Beneath the shade of an ancient yew
There seems such difference to my view
Betwixt that old age so grand and true,
And this so frivolous, false, and new;
The contrast makes me craven, too,
And rather wish to die than do.

Oh, would I had lived in the days of old,
When the world was young, and its heart not cold;
When life was cast in a manlier mould,
And death deem'd better than the truth untold;
Ere women were bought, and men were sold;
Then love was stronger than lust of gold!

Such were my thoughts when under the tree;
But when from the spell of its age I was free,
A kindlier spirit came unto me,
And whisper'd, smiling merrily,
"*Then* was not all such a golden time;
Now is not only sorrow and crime."

GENTLEMAN DICK;

OR,

The Cruise of the Dolphin!

A Story of Scenes and Adventures in the North Pacific.

By Captain Clewline.

[This serial was commenced in No. 18, Vol. 34. Back numbers can be obtained from all newsdealers throughout the United States, or direct from this office.]

CHAPTER XXXIII.—[CONTINUED.]

Deane returned the bottle and closed the chest carefully. He was as cool and collected as if he had done the most simple thing in life, and there was actually a smile upon his face as he took his place behind the curtain. Ten minutes later, the party came back, laughing and talking.

"A wonderful sight, Captain Dunlap," said Dick, as they took their seats again. "I had not seen a waterspout before, and am glad this one came so near."

"I was afraid, at one time, that it would come too near," was the reply of Captain Dunlap. "Doctor, what shall I give you?"

"Is that claret at your elbow? Yes, a glass of that, if you please," replied the surgeon.

The doctor was looking at Dick even as he spoke, and took up his glass in a strange, mechanical way. They all drank, and put the glasses down.

"This lemonade has a queer taste," said Dick. "What did you put in it, captain?"

Caspar Deane had watched, with strange earnestness, every movement of the young harpooner, and when he saw him put the glass down half empty, he darted back to his bunk, and covered himself with the blankets. There was a confusion in the main cabin, and low groans were heard.

"I've done it!" hissed the wretched man. "I have sent him out of life, but what have I done with myself?"

At this moment the door of the state room was flung open, and Mr. Wallace, Captain Dunlap and the doctor appeared.

"Get up and dress, Deane!" cried the captain, sternly. "You have played this game well, but it is over. Get up and dress, unless you want to be dragged out naked."

"I'll leave it to the doctor," said Deane, quietly. "If he says I can get up, I will do so, but not before."

"You may get up," replied the doctor. "*That last dose of brucine has made you strong.*"

"Aye, aye," replied Deane, rising, as the doctor opened the chest and took out the half empty bottle. "It seems that the game is indeed played out."

He rose and dressed in silence, and the captain and mate grasped him by the shoulders and forced him into the outer cabin. Dick was nowhere to be seen.

"It is no use to waste words about this matter," said Deane. "I take it for granted that I have been watched."

"I watched you," replied the surgeon.

"Ah, yes; and he drank too quickly to suit you. Did I give him enough, doctor; is his voyage of life at an end?"

"You villain!"

"Oh, yes; we won't quarrel about terms, you idiots! I came out from the States to see that this boy did not come home alive, and he will not. As for what is done with me, I do not value three straws."

"You are a murderer."

"Certainly; what are you going to do?"

"I wish to call your attention to one thing, which I have not noticed before, captain," said the doctor. "This man wears a wig; allow me to remove it."

He fumbled for a moment in the close curling auburn locks of Deane, and in a moment the wig came off, revealing a crop of close-cut black hair.

"Thank you, doctor; it was very inconvenient, and if you will give me the use of one of my hands, I will complete the metamorphosis," the man said, quietly.

"You may use your left hand," said the captain, drawing a pistol. "But if you attempt to stir, I will kill you as I would a mad dog."

"I am not going to try it, my good captain of the Antelope," was the cool reply.

He thrust his fingers into his mouth and removed a sort of plate, which had given his lips almost the thickness of a negro's. A quick movement of his hand, and his scar upon the right cheek disappeared, and he turned toward them, a handsome young fellow, with fierce dark eyes.

"Do you know me now, gentlemen?" he asked, turning to the astonished trio. "I looked better when I wore my full beard."

"*I* know you," said a quiet voice. "How do you find yourself, Philip Fenton?"

He turned with a savage cry and saw Dick standing in the door of his state-room, alive and well. The brothers stood face to face!

CHAPTER XXXIV.

THE BROTHERS' FAREWELL.

"Not dead yet, Philip," he said, coolly.

"I am beaten again," replied Philip Fenton, no longer Caspar Deane. "But you must all do me the justice to believe that I meant well. Look here, doctor; was that brucine which you showed to me?"

"Yes."

"Was it brucine which I put in that lemonade?"

"No."

"I saw you label it."

"Precisely so, very good masquerader. You are unfortunate in one respect, Mr. Philip Fenton; you have a handsome face, but a very bad eye. As I put the brucine in the case, I caught your eye, and did not like the looks of it. I will do you the justice to say that I thought you wanted the poison for yourself, and the bottle which I took up and labelled was a harmless liquid, which would not kill a fly. As for the brucine, I have it in my pocket, and mean to keep it."

"Foiled at every point, then. Dick, I begin to believe in the old dogma, that vice is sure to be punished and virtue rewarded. You will go home to enjoy your good uncle's wealth, and I will be a wanderer on the face of the earth."

"Oh, Phil! Phil!" cried Dick, sadly. "How could you do it?"

"Because I hated you for being preferred to me. Because 'there was a daily beauty in your life which made mine hideous.' I did my best to get you out of the way, and I have failed. Put me in the brig, captain; I long for the society of my worthy friend, Black Rodger."

"Don't waste any sympathy upon this man, Dick," said Walter Dunlap. "For the safety of my passengers and crew I am going to take him at his word, and put him in the brig."

"That's right. I might poison the entire ship's company, you know. I want to say one thing, Dick. I might deceive everybody else, but I could never cheat uncle, Dick. He read me from the first, and would not trust me. If he had given me a better chance, I might have been a better man. If it were not for mother and Gracie! I did love them, whatever they may say, and Gracie most of all. There, that is enough preaching, and I want to go to my prison."

"Will you not say that you are sorry for what you have done, Phil?" asked Dick, sadly.

"No; I am sorry that I failed," was the savage reply. "Don't think for a moment that I have changed to you, for I hate you as much as ever, and may have a chance to strike a blow at you before I die. Are you going to keep me here all day, Captain Dunlap?"

They took him by the shoulders and led him to the brig, while Dick dropped into a chair, and covered his face with his hands.

"Bear up under it, my brave boy," said the surgeon. "He is your brother, and it is hard to believe that a brother could be so guilty, but he deserves any fate which might fall to his lot."

"I know that he is bad at heart," replied the boy, sadly, "but I have loved him dearly, and I never thought that he hated me so."

The schooner ran on her course toward Honolulu. On the second day of his captivity, Philip sent for the captain and Dick.

"I've got an offer to make you both," he said. "I know this pretty brother of mine well enough to be certain that he will not allow all this to be made public, and, as that is the case, I want you to put me on board the first Australian ship you meet, or left at Honolulu to take my own course."

"Why do you wish it?" asked the captain.

"It is far better to put the seas between us," was the bitter reply. "I could not live in Boston and see him take his old place, while I should be exiled from the house of my brother. No. Let me go to the Antipodes, and we shall never meet."

"I think your plan is a good one," said the captain, quickly. "What do you say, Dick?"

"I wish he would go home and ask my uncle to forgive him. I know that he would do it, if I asked him."

"Do you think that I would go down on my knees to that old ruffian?" hissed Philip. "No; for his sake and mine, let us never meet again upon this earth. Don't think that I am whining for the sake of currying favor with you; I am hardly the man to do that, as you well know. All I ask is liberty to hide myself from every one I have known, loved or hated."

"Let him go," said Dunlap. "He is wise in this, to say the least."

"He shall have his wish," said Dick. "Will you write to mother when you get to Australia?"

"I don't know whether I shall or not; let me alone."

They left him with his sullen companion, Black Rodger. Before many days they saw a sail ahead, and in time recognized the peculiar rig of the Dolphin, and began to overhaul her. Dick, at the suggestion of the captain, kept out of sight, and an hour later the schooner and ship were running side by side, signaling each other. Just then the breeze died away, and they were becalmed. A boat put off from the Dolphin, containing Captain Manning and Forsythe; Tatty was also in the boat. Dick, peeping at them from the shelter of the forecastle, could hardly restrain himself as he saw the sad look in the eyes of the Island prince. He followed the captain and mate up the side, and stood leaning on his harpoon.

"You've got a man aboard this schooner called Caspar Deane," said Captain Manning. "My mate wants to see him."

"He is in the 'brig.'"

"A good place for him, if all stories are true," said the captain. "The dirty dog ought to be hung for his crimes."

"Lead the way," said Dan, hoarsely. "I must see him, and at once."

They went down to the brig, Tatty following closely, and behind him, keeping out of sight, was Dick Fenton. As the door of the brig was thrown open and Forsythe appeared, the prisoners both started up, and Philip Fenton uttered a hissing execration.

"You dog!" he cried. "I trusted in you, and you failed me."

"Failed you? In what have I failed, Philip Fenton? Look me in the face, while I tell my story before all these. You knew me and my history, that of a man who meant to be a true-hearted sailor, but had a tempter always near him. From my boyhood up you were my evil genius. Your very crimes were laid to my charge in your boyhood and mine. Once, when I visited your father's house to see my dear old mother, you stole plate from the house, just as I was going away, and adroitly shifted suspicion upon me. You never had any dirty work to do, but mine was the hand to do it. Gentlemen, this man and I are guilty together. I will tell you how it was."

He gave them a brief account of the whole business, and ended by dashing all that remained of the thousand dollars in the face of his tempter.

"Take back your money, and take with it the curses of a man whose life you have ruined. I seem to be twenty years older since the night when the boy was swept from the deck of the Dolphin. I shall never go home, for I cannot face Ellen and tell her this."

"Hold on," said Tatty, hoarsely, forcing his way to the front. "Is this Philip Fenton, the man who conspired to murder his young brother?"

"That is the man," replied Dan.

Tatty raised his harpoon, and darted upon Fenton with the snarl of a tiger. Philip saw his danger, and darting under the harpoon, he grappled with Tatty, so closely that he could not use the weapon. Then, for the first time, the giant harpooner put forth all his strength, and grasping the struggling man by the throat, in spite of his strength, he hurled him to the deck and set his foot upon him with crushing force, while the harpoon gleamed before the eyes of those who would have crowded up to aid the fallen man.

"Keep off!" he shouted. "There's not a man among you that I don't think well of, but I'd kill my brother if he interfered now. Philip Fenton, do you know that I loved your brother better than anything on earth?"

But Fenton ground his teeth and would not speak, even to save his life.

"Are you sorry for what you have done?" demanded the harpooner.

"No!"

The harpoon gleamed above his head, and the point turned downward, when a strong hand grasped the wrist of the harpooner, and held it there.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

RECEIPTS
GENERAL AND DOMESTIC

STARCH, in which a little white wax or borax has been dissolved, will give an excellent glaze to shirt-fronts.

COUGH MIXTURE.—A good cough mixture may be made by mixing together two ounces of honey and one ounce of cream of tartar. Dose, a teaspoonful when the cough is troublesome.

DYE HAIR AND FEATHERS GREEN.—Take of verdigris or verditer, of each one ounce; gum water, one pint; mix them well, and dip the hair or feathers into the mixture, shaking them well about.

TO PREVENT GALLING IN INVALIDS.—The white of an egg, beaten to a strong froth, then drop in gradually while you are beating two teaspoonfuls of spirits of wine, put it into a bottle, and apply occasionally with a feather.

IT is recommended, in cleaning moss-covered statuary in gardens, etc., first to kill the vegetation by the application of petroleum or benzine, which will not injure the stone, and to remove it when dried by brushing, and, finally, rubbing with a rag.

THE following will be found a good cement for mending meerschaum-pipes. Make fine freshly calcined plaster of paris into a cream with water, by sifting or dusting the plaster into the water, and apply to the broken parts. It sets in a few minutes, but takes a few days to become dry.

POWDERED CAMPHOR.—Glycerine is the simplest and most efficient substance to keep camphor in a finely divided state. Take of camphor five ounces, alcohol five fluid drachms, glycerine one fluid drachm. Mix the glycerine with the alcohol, and triturate it with the camphor until reduced to a fine powder.

BITING THE NAILS.—This is a habit which should be immediately corrected in children, as, if persisted in for any length of time, it permanently deforms the nails. Dipping the finger-tips in some bitter tincture will generally prevent children from putting them to the mouth; but if this fails, as it sometimes will, each finger-end ought to be encased in a stall until the propensity is eradicated.

HAIR WASH.—Take one ounce of borax and half an ounce of camphor; powder these ingredients fine, and dissolve them in one quart of boiling water; when cool the solution will be ready for use. Damp the hair frequently. This wash effectually cleanses, beautifies and strengthens the hair, preserves the color, and prevents early baldness. The camphor will form into lumps after being dissolved, but the water will be sufficiently impregnated.

CURE OF WARTS.—The easiest way to get rid of warts is to pare of the thickened skin which covers the prominent wart; cut it off by successive layers; shave it till you come to the surface of the skin, and till you draw blood in two or three places. When you have thus denuded the surface of the skin, rub the part thoroughly over with lunar caustic, and one effective operation of this kind will generally destroy the wart; if not, you cut off the black spot which has been occasioned by the caustic, and apply it again; or you may apply acetic acid, and thus you will get rid of it.

THE ART OF BEING AGREEABLE.—The true art of being agreeable is to appear well pleased with all the company, and rather to seem well entertained with them than to bring entertainment to them. A man thus disposed, perhaps, may not have much learning, nor any wit; but if he have common sense, and something friendly in his behavior, it conciliates men's minds more than the brightest parts without this disposition; and when a man of such a turn comes to old age he is sure to be treated with respect. It is true, indeed, that we should not dissemble and flatter in company; but a man may be very agreeable, strictly consistent with truth and sincerity, by a prudent silence where he cannot concur, and a pleasing assent where he can. Now and then you meet with a person so exactly formed to please that he will gain upon every one that hears or beholds him; this disposition is not merely the gift of nature, but frequently the effect of much knowledge of the world and a command over the passions.

LOOKING BACK.—A writer on Oriental manners and customs states that it is considered exceedingly unfortunate in Hisdostan for men and women to look back when they leave their house. Accordingly, if a man goes out and leaves something behind him which his wife knows he will want, she does not call him to turn or look back, but takes or sends it after him; and, if some great emergency obliges him to look back, he will not then proceed on the business he was about to transact. If we mistake not, a similar feeling is entertained in some parts of England, though not carried so far into operation.

NEW INTEREST

JOURNEYMEN tailors receive two cents per day.

PAPER undergarments for the Pacific coast have struck from a

A LEWISBURG prophet predicts two snow storms this winter. Is that all?

OVERWORK has made Sir John Karslake, ex-Attorney General for England, totally blind.

A LECTURE on the war cries and whoops of Scotland, with illustrations and bagpipes, is announced.

THE ice yachts on the Hudson are being prepared for their winter sport, which promises to open at an early date.

A RUSSIAN proverb says, "Before going to war, pray once; before going to sea, pray twice; before getting married, pray three times."

FRANCE has now but one doctor to every twenty-four hundred inhabitants. America has one to every eight hundred, and is none the healthier for it.

KING KALAKAUA is said to have told a Chicago reporter that he thought the people were not accustomed to kings, judging from the way they examined him.

DRAWING is now taught in all the public schools of Massachusetts, and in those of Cincinnati, Chicago, Cleveland, Columbus, Toledo, St. Louis and New York.

IT isn't the fashion to have your parlor lace curtains cut in the centre any more. They must hang in one straight piece, so as to display the rich quality and handsome pattern.

A LECTURER made his debut in St. Louis recently, and began by stating that he had caused the doors to be locked, so that no one could escape until he had finished.

THE students of Columbia College, New York, it is stated, are about adopting the English style of wearing caps and gowns while in attendance at their daily lectures.

THE London *Advertiser* says that the subject of christening ships with bottles of wine is about to be taken up by the temperance people, who assert that the rolling of vessels at sea is mainly caused thereby.

THE combined armies of the partially independent native rulers in India number three hundred and fifteen thousand men and five thousand three hundred guns, a formidable power if united in opposition to British rule.

THE net earnings of the railroads operated in 1871 were $141,746,404; in 1872, $165,754,378, and in 1873, $183,810,562. The net earnings for 1873, it will be seen, were about *one hundred and eighty-four millions*, notwithstanding the fact that the panic of the fall of that year cut down the earnings at least twenty millions.

A RECENT report on the paper manufacture in Massachusetts gives a list of one hundred and twelve different materials for making paper. Among the list are enumerated asparagus, beet-root, cabbage stumps, frog-spittle, hop vines, hornets' nests, lily of the valley, leather cuttings, mummy cloth, sawdust, thistles and willow twigs.

IT is contemplated to introduce into the French Assembly a "voting machine." An electric apparatus is to be installed on the desk of each member; there are to be two knobs like those of electric bells—one for the yeas, the other for the nays. The votes will be registered instantaneously on a frame-work behind the president, opposite the names of the members set down in alphabetical order.

THE Pennsylvania Railway Company owns about 16,000 eight-wheeled freight cars, valued at $512 each; 1,800 four-wheeled freight cars, worth $170 each; 521 passenger cars of all grades, worth $3,550 each, and 879 locomotive engines, worth $11,000 each. Total valuation of the rolling stock, $20,000,000. The length of the company's tracks, or those controlled by the company, is 5,933 miles.

DIME NOVEL AMBITION.—In Minersville, Schuylkill county, a number of half-grown boys, fired with ambition imbibed from dime novels, established themselves in a small cave on the side of a hill in the borough, where gambling, drinking and other sinful games were indulged in. A week or so ago a party of thirty females, mothers and sisters of the young brigands, made a raid on their mountain retreat, and after destroying all the cards, bottles and other like furniture, fell to with pick and shovel and soon filled up the cave.

A DETROIT man was recently brought into court charged with beating his wife. The prisoner explained that just before retiring his wife raked up the fire and left the poker on the floor. He also was about to retire, but first went into the kitchen for a drink of water, and while groping around in the dark in his bare feet stepped on the hot poker. This gave rise to some involuntary exclamations, and his wife coming in at the moment he struck her. Under the circumstances the court discharged the prisoner and cautioned the wife against leaving hot pokers lying around.

TRY IT.—Any number of figures you may wish to multiply by 5 will give the same result if divided by 2—a much quicker operation; but you must remember to annex a 0 to the answer when there is no remainder, and when there is a remainder, whatever it may be, annex a 5 to the answer. Multiply 494 by 5, and the answer will be 2,470; divide the same by 2, and you will have 247, and as there is no remainder you add a 0. Now take 359, multiply by 5, and the answer is 1,795; dividing this by 2 there is 179 and a remainder. You therefore place a 5 at the end of the line, and the result is again 1,795.

HOW TO QUIET VIOLENT HORSES.—According to a discovery made by Professor Shief, of Florence, it has been found that it is quite enough to touch the nostrils of a horse, simply passing the fingers along the sides of his nose, to stop the activity of his heart and respiration, and to stop consciousness in a measure. It is well known now that most of those men who succeed in quieting violent horses put their fingers to that part, and sometimes inside the nose. Merely touching these parts may produce the same effect; pressing hard has more effect. It is not essential that the application be made there, as a pressure of the lip may do the same thing.

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NEXT WEEK!

In No. 25, we shall present the opening chapters of a very interesting Novelette, from the author of "The Ebony Casket," entitled:

For True Love's Sake!

By RETT WINWOOD.

It is a genuine, old-fashioned love story—the triumph of truth over treachery—of virtue over vice—of right over wrong.

The peculiarities of the leading characters are evolved in a series of events and adventures told with skill and faithfulness.

NEW YEAR'S DAY.

Every first of January is an imaginary milestone on the turnpike road of human life; at once a resting place for thought and meditation, and a starting point for fresh exertions. Upon this day we dream of our past, and build hopes and anticipations for the future. We weigh the result of all our plans and schemes; and upon these realizations we draw out lines of tasks to be performed, duties that we half dread and half glory in, and rear bright castles that may prove of solid foundation, and may be, like others of our imaginings in past days, too beautiful to last. We might moralize for hours; but our object is to show the manner of celebrating New Year's Day in olden and modern times.

All nations have, by a natural tendency, adopted some interchange of social amenities, ceremonials of rejoicings, at the commencement of a new year. But as the end of the old and the beginning of the new year is not arbitrary, but only marks the earth's revolution around the sun from any given point in its orbit back to the same point, the times of these anniversaries differ.

The Jewish New Year is ushered in with various religious ceremonials of longer duration than those of other sects, and a partial cessation of business occurs on some days, with an entire prohibition of it upon others. Visits of congratulation are not considered so essential as attendance upon religious exercises.

In Paris, the custom of giving presents is well observed; and New Year's Day there commences at an early hour, by the interchange of visits, presents, and bon-bons. In visiting and gossiping the morning is passed; a dinner is given by some members of the family to all the rest; and the evening concludes, like Christmas Day, with cards, dancing, or any amusement that may be preferred.

Among the English, the festivities of the New Year date back to the feudal times, when great rejoicings were the order of both day and night; the head of the house dispensed quantities of hot spiced ale to all comers, and "*wass hael*" was drunk in deep draughts all over the island. Songs in honor of the season were sung, one of which runs thus:

"Wassail, wassail, over the town;
Our bread is white, our ale is brown;
Our bowl is made of the maplin tree;
We be good fellows all; I drink to thee.
Come, butler, and bring us a bowl of the best;
I hope your soul in heaven may rest.
But if you do bring us a bowl of the small,
Then down shall fall butler, bowl and all."

Half a century ago there was a custom that all ladies who were out of doors after midnight were liable *to* receive a kiss from any man who met them. As numerous entertainments were given at this season, of course many ladies were returning home at that time, and none dared venture forth on foot, however short the distance. Carriages were always in demand, and parties of young men would sometimes become so audacious under the influence of liquor that they would force the coachman to stop, and compel the ladies to endure the New Year's penalty of a kiss.

In our own country the social observances of the New Year are on the increase. At first only the largest cities introduced the custom of New Year's receptions, but now even in smaller towns the habit grows.

In New York it is customary for New Year's receptions to begin about eleven in the morning. Ladies generally receive their friends in full reception costume, trained dresses, and with their hair dressed as for an evening or dinner party. In some houses the rooms are darkened, and gas supplies the place of daylight. The Christmas evergreens are left on the walls; and to them are added fresh flowers, more or less rare and costly according to the style of entertainments. Refreshments are spread in the back parlor or dining-room, and the lady of the house accompanies her guests to the refreshment tables. When a gentleman calls, he remains but a few minutes. Hat in hand, he enters the parlor, shakes hands with the lady of the house, bows to the persons who may be present, lingers a few minutes, and then passes to the refreshment-room. Returning, he bows to or shakes hands with the hostess, and retires to make way for others. The refreshment-table is a very nice point.

WHAT I DREAMT LAST NEW YEAR'S EVE.

BY A. C. W.

Dear me! dear me! Another year is gone, and I am not married!

This time last year I made a vow to do all in my power to obtain a husband—I have kept my vow, I *have* done all in my power to enter the matrimonial state, but I have failed.

In vain have I worn new dresses, loves of bonnets and hats, becoming veils, tight gloves, and tighter boots—in vain have I spent hours and hours on my toilet; my money and my time have been thrown away—three hundred and sixty-five days have come and gone, and I am still single!

What *shall* I do? What plan is likely to be successful?

There is no time to be lost, for I am not so young as I once was—I'm nearly thirty-five! But that fact is not generally known; I flatter myself I don't look more than twenty-nine or thirty, at the most—that is to say, when I have taken pains with myself. There is a saying, "Beauty unadorned is adorned the most," but I don't believe in it—it's all nonsense. Oh, dear! I'm getting sleepy; but I don't intend to go to sleep till I have fixed upon some new plan for inducing the men to propose. I must keep awake for the present—yes—for——

What's that noise? Where am I going? Who is carrying me through the frosty air? How cold it is. How bright the moon and stars are. I am in a gloomy room—a bed, hung with black, is in the corner; I am placed in a chair by the bedside, the curtains are undrawn, and a very old man is disclosed to my view; his long white hair streams over the pillow, there is no color in his wrinkled face, his breath is feeble—the old man is dying! He is looking at me with an expression of scorn, and a satirical smile is on his lips.

"What! not married yet?" he says. "Still single? Still on your preferment? I am the Old Year. When I was born, three hundred and sixty-five days ago, you made a vow that, ere the time came for me to die, you would no longer be living in single-blessedness; one hour alone remains of my life, and your vow is unfulfilled. How is this? Are you quite sure you have tried every means in your power to obtain a husband?"

I endeavor to speak, but my tongue refuses to obey my desire; I cannot stir—my strength is gone.

The Old Year laughs mockingly. "What! no answer? No excuse? Well, well, I must call in those who will speak for you, and tell you the true reasons for your repeated matrimonial failures. Winter! Father Winter!"

A rush of cold air fills the room, and snowflakes fall thick and fast, as a hale old man appears at the foot of the bed. He is clad in a glittering white garment, a chaplet of holly and mistletoe is on his hoary head, and icicles are intermingled with his beard.

"Tell me, my friend, what is your opinion of this lady?" says the Old Year, pointing his finger at me. "Why did she not obtain a husband during your reign over the earth?"

Without a moment's pause a shrill voice exclaims, "Because she bestowed all her time and attention on her *outward* appearance, in total forgetfulness of *inward* worth," and the hoary-headed man has disappeared as quickly as he came, the snow-flakes cease to fall, and the air is no longer cold. Again a mocking laugh issues from the lips of the occupant of the bed, and again he calls aloud.

"Spring! come hither, thou beautiful, but treacherous maiden."

A piercing wind passes through the room, followed by a cloud of dust, and then a lovely girl glides before me, arrayed in a bright green robe adorned with clusters of violets and snowdrops; traces of tears are on her cheeks, but smiles play round her mouth; in her hand is a spray of hawthorn, and a girdle, resembling a rainbow in colors, encircles her waist.

"This lady has arrived at the mature age of thirty-five, and, in spite of her anxiety to become a wife, she is still single," observes the Old Year, with a malicious glance at me. "Can you give her any advice on the subject, lovely maiden?—any hints respecting her future behavior?"

"It does not always answer to hang out false colors," is the ready reply. "Deceit, vanity and frivolity are not the most attractive qualities in the world, neither are they calculated to produce happiness in the state matrimonial," and, with a graceful inclination of her head, the beautiful girl retreats; the wind blows no longer, and the cloud of dust is dispersed.

"Worse and worse," murmurs the Old Year. "Small wonder is it that you have been unable to keep your vow—but I must not delay. Summer, art thou near?"

A lady, in the meridian of life, is standing by the bedside; her dress is a celestial blue, adorned with festoons of the gayest flowers, which fill the air with their sweet perfume; her golden hair falls about her like a veil, and is occasionally the resting-place for some of the numerous butterflies which hover around.

"Fair dame, what obstacles beset the path of this aspirant to matrimony?" demands my tormentor, in a tone of mock solemnity. "The chief object of her life is to change her name, but 'nobody comes to woo.' Surely hers is a hard fate?"

"A hard fate?" repeats the lady, "say rather, a just recompense, a natural consequence. Who would be foolish enough to choose a gaudy, flaunting, artificial flower in preference to a blushing rose or modest lily? Is not the smallest real pearl of greater value than the largest false diamond? Who would desire to wed a wife whose attractions were owing to the arts of a skillful toilet, and who considered fashion and personal appearance of more importance than aught beside? *Real* beauty is only 'skin deep;' what, then, shall be said of that which is feigned? I have done. Fare-ye-well!" and the lady and the sunshine are gone in a moment.

"There is but one more witness against you," says the Departing Year, in a feebler voice; "only one more. My minutes are numbered, my breath is failing fast. Autumn! come quickly, or it will be—too late!"

I hear a rustling sound, dead leaves are falling on every side, and in the midst is a middle-aged man, attired in a suit of reddish-brown, and holding a basket of the choicest fruit in his hand.

"Tell me," gasps the Expiring Year, "why the hand—of this young lady—was not sought in—in marriage—during your lifetime. Quick! I shall soon—be gone—soon—soon!"

"There are many men in the world who care little or nothing for beauty," is the immediate answer, "and who would gladly wed a wife of plain and unprepossessing appearance, if she were honest, true-hearted, amiable and loving; there are also many men who would be foolish enough to accept a bride on account of her outward charms; but there are few, very few, who would knowingly bestow their name on one whose chief desire and aim were to appear what she was not, and who was eager to become a wife, not from any feeling of love or hopes of domestic happiness, but for the mere sake of being called 'a married woman.'"

"True, too true," gasps the poor Old Year, again fixing his glazing eyes on mine, and as he speaks he endeavors to lift his hand to his forehead, where the death damps are gathering fast. "You hear—what they have said—my faithful Seasons. Take my—dying advice. Cast of all deceit—cultivate your heart—instead of your—person. You have tried the one plan—and it—has failed. Try the other. Who can tell what—the result may be? And now farewell—the end is at hand. Ere another minute—is past—my successor will be born. Fare—well! fare—well!"

The trembling accents suddenly cease; the loud striking of a clock falls on my ear; the death-chamber of the Old Year fades away, and I awake.

I start up in bed; I am bewildered, and half-frightened; I almost expect to see the black-draperied bed and the dying old man. Hark! the clock is really striking; how solemn it sounds! I glance eagerly at my watch, and perceive that the Old Year is gone—gone forever! The New Year is begun!

* * * * *

What a strange dream I have had! What a vivid impression it has left on my mind! I wonder if I have been to blame, after all?—if my conduct has really been despicable and foolish?

I have a great mind to alter my behavior for this one year, and then, if the different method should not succeed, I must think of something else; at any rate, it is worth a trial. I will try—yes, I *will!*

* * * * *

It is New Year's Eve once more!

I am sitting by the fire, waiting for my husband—yes, my *husband!*

For I am no longer "on my preferment;" I have been married these six months, and I never was so really happy in all my life. And all my happiness is owing to the extraordinary dream which I had this time last year. I shall always believe in dreams for the future, and advise other people to do the same.

STUDIES FROM MY WINDOW.

BY H. WATSON FLEMING.

No. 14.—ROSA'S NEW YEAR.

"A happy New Year." The pleasant greeting, simple though it be, serves to link weary souls more tenderly together. What care we that the world is a year older, if our longer experience in it gives renewed hope and strengthened resolution? To-day in the fullness of our hearts we may even forget the troubles that oppress us; or, better, we can manfully prepare to meet them, so that at the close of another year we may have a better record; and although in every year some share of disappointment comes to all, to-day our imagination shall warm our hearts to a renewal of the struggle with the world and with ourselves.

The Christmas "festivities" are well nigh over. The holiday makers of our quiet street have sunken into a sullen and fatigued repose. The atmosphere seems clearer and purer to-day, and the visage of each wayfarer wears a brighter, much more cheerful look. Perhaps all the follies of last year died last night. Perhaps the bells that are ringing so merrily are sounding their funeral dirge.

The letter-carrier has already delivered the last reminder of the year that is gone; still, there is a continuous knocking at many doors, and smiling faces are welcoming smiling visitors, who bring the new year into their homes, and pass the customary greeting.

"A happy New Year." Let us hope the wish may be realized, and that those who are lonely to-day (having no friend who cares to wish them happiness) may share in it heartily. There are many such, no doubt.

Instinctively my thoughts wander to the poor working-girl who boards with the lady opposite. She is a new comer, and seems so lonely, always; I cannot help but pity her to-day.

Her share in the general happiness is small; yet she is sensible enough to be contented with her lot, and hope for better times.

Her story is simply this; I give it from her own lips:

"My name is Rosa Lea. I came from a smaller place than this, but I have worked for my living, always, since mother died. I went to my uncle's then, and there was plenty of work for my needle, in making or repairing, for uncle's family were all boys, and Aunt Hannah was very old.

"I don't think Uncle George intended to be harsh or cruel; but Cousin Willie liked me, and——"

Her eyelids drooped upon her blushing cheeks. Her story was told.

"You loved your cousin, too?"

A sigh was the response. Her cheeks grew scarlet, then turned suddenly pale.

"My uncle said that I must not marry him. He had other views for Will.

"So, after awhile, I asked him to give me what little had belonged to my mother—there was a very small sum she had placed in his hands for me. He gave it to me, and I came here; though Willie said——"

"Your cousin wished you to stay?"

"He said that he loved me, and would marry me notwithstanding all. But I said 'No.' Though my heart might break, I would not marry him.

"'At least, let me write to you, Rosa,' he said then.

"I promised him my address; but I thought better of it, and did not write to him.

"Better that he should forget me, I thought, than that I should give him cause to reproach me afterwards."

"And you have not heard from him since?"

"Oh, no. His father wished him to propose to Maggie Somers, a near neighbor. I dare say he has forgotten me. Perhaps he has married her."

"Is this long ago?"

"Nearly a year."

"And you? Have you formed any new attachment, Miss Lea?"

Her eyes sparkled with indignation, her lips quivered, but she made no reply.

Unselfish as woman's love may be, willing as she may be to surrender it to the interest of her lover, how selfishly she clings to its remembrance. How unconsciously she retains the right to hope, in secret, that all may be well—in time.

Rosa would have said she had no hope, that love would never be hers again. But it was the slight remnant of faith in him she loved, that gave her courage to perform her daily duty.

Even while she doubted him she loved him; and when her pride was strongest, her love was strongest, too.

Did she hope, in that secret heart of hers, that he would yet seek her, and forsaking all things for her sake, commence his life anew? I cannot say.

No letters came to her, no visitors. If any wished her "A happy New Year," they were strangers, and the words were cold. She is nursing her sorrow and her faith by turns. A stranger to all around her, it is a sad new year indeed.

* * * * *

After awhile I noticed a stranger, a young man dressed in deep mourning, walking confusedly to and fro. Sometimes he stood at the corner of the street counting the houses, as if striving to remember the address of some one with whom he had but slight acquaintance; then he would walk slowly on, and count once more. At last, to my surprise, he knocked gently, nervously, at the door of Rosa's landlady.

"Miss Lea?" he inquired, confusedly.

The matron looked up and down suspiciously. The door was open but a very little way, and she seemed to hesitate about closing it again.

"Does Miss Lea reside here?" the young man queried, more fully and persistently, and this time the matron condescended to reply.

"She does," she answered, with still greater suspicion in the tone. "What do you want with this young lady?" was the question indicated by her manner. A question without words, but a plain one notwithstanding.

"I wish to see the lady," was the courteous reply. "Is she at home?"

"I never allow male visitors," said the landlady hurriedly, and the door moved as if the decision was final and conclusive.

"I—I am her cousin," stammered the young man, blushing. "Pray request her to speak with me one moment."

"Umph!" replied the matron, still with suspicion in her tone and gesture. "Please to wait then," and she closed the door.

Can it be Willie? I wondered. He waited patiently, and in a very short time the matron reappeared.

Nor was Rosa long in following her footsteps. "Oh, Willie!" she said, and he kissed her there and then.

"Pretty cousins!" muttered the landlady, leading the way indoors, and puzzling her mind with the vexed problem. How could she reconcile a notice to quit instanter, with the receipt of a week's board-bill in advance?

"Found at last," said her lover, joyfully.

"How did you succeed?" laughed Rosa.

"Luckily, I had business with your employer yesterday. Saw you, too, Rosa, but I could not speak then. I followed you home in the evening; and to-day I make my New Year's call upon your ladyship. May it be a happy one, a very happy one, is my earnest hope and prayer."

Perhaps her happiness had commenced already, for she said nothing. After a time she turned pale and shuddered.

"Why did you come?" she said. "Your father——"

"He is dead!"

"Dead!" exclaimed Rosa, sympathetically. "Oh, Willie, I am so——"

"Sorry! are you really sorry, Rosa?"

"Indeed I am, for your sake."

"But for your own?"

"I have forgiven him——"

"You do not know all that you must forgive him for," said the young man, hurriedly. "He separated us, Rosa?"

"Why renew the old——"

"Not only this, but he robbed you, darling. Robbed you of that which was justly yours—the farm was your mother's property, bequeathed to him in trust for you, dear girl. I come to restore it to you."

"And you——"

"I am not rich, nor are the boys, but we have health and strength; and we are honest, thank God."

"I will not accept. It is not true."

"Do not pain me, Rosa, by forcing me to repeat in detail all that was said to me by my father when he died. It was his desire that restitution should be made; and that, if you would forgive—"

"Freely I forgive him," said Rosa, tenderly. "What more did he wish?"

"That you would make me happy, Rosa. Have you forgotten that I loved you? Will you consent now, dearest, to be my wife, now that the wealth is upon your side, and nothing but love is mine?"

Rosa hesitated.

"I am no mercenary suitor, Rosa, for I will not touch one dollar of your money. If you will accept me, I will labor on your estate, and never weary in your service, dear, until I have more than doubled——"

"Nonsense, Willie," said Rosa, smiling. "You are worse than mercenary. You want to bribe me into marrying you, but I will not be bought. Only upon one condition will I listen to you—"

"And that, Rosa? I will promise anything you desire."

"That you will never speak again about 'restoration,' Will."

"Oh, Rosa!"

What further was said I need not repeat. I am sure the landlady will tell you that they talked and talked, and that she had to separate them when evening came. That Willie introduced her to "his promised wife," and that Rosa blushed. How much she was mistaken in the girl!—a bit of a thing like that—so forward, so impudently and provokingly quiet and reserved.

She will also tell you that Rosa left next day, to her great relief. It saved her so much annoyance, and I may add that this New Year, of which I have written, was a bright, happy one indeed; and that the coming one, of which I have yet to write, is likely to be even happier to Rosa Lea.

That it may be a Happy New Year to all, is my sincere hope. In the words of Tiny Tim, "God bless us, every one!"

There is no art or science that is too difficult for industry to attain to. Industry makes a man understood and valued in all countries, and by all nations; it is the philosopher's stone, that turns almost everything into gold.

THE OLD YEAR AND THE NEW.

BY A. T.

Full knee-deep lies the winter snow,
And the winter winds are wearily sighing:
Toll ye the church bells sad and slow,
And tread softly, and speak low,
For the Old Year lies a-dying.
Old Year you must not die;
You came to us so readily,
You lived with us so steadily,
Old Year you must not die!

* * * * * *

His face is growing sharp and thin.
Alack, our friend is gone!
Close up his eyes; tie up his chin;
Step from the corpse, and let him in
That standeth there alone,
And waiteth at the door.
There's a new foot on the floor, my friend,
And a new face at the door, my friend,
And a new face at the door.

OUTWITTED.

BY MAY MEREDITH.

"Is this seat engaged?"

"No," I answered, and reluctantly removed my satchel to make room for a young man, who immediately took the seat beside me.

I had hoped to keep the whole for my own comfort and convenience, but the car was full, and I congratulated myself rather that my companion was so gentlemanly and handsome—for, of course, I had given him a hasty glance as he sat down.

A moment after I missed my handkerchief. I remembered having laid it carelessly beside my satchel, and, thinking I must have dropped it while making room for my fellow-traveler, I stooped and searched the floor at my feet.

"Have you lost anything?"

"I only missed my handkerchief," I replied, turning toward him. "But it really makes no difference."

"Perhaps I may be more successful."

He continued the search, but to no purpose.

"I am sorry——" he began.

But I interrupted:

"Oh, I don't care in the least. It's of no consequence. I only regret you should have had the trouble of looking for it."

I believe I intended to talk on—you know how prone women are to talk—when I fancied he was looking at me very closely, I might almost say staring at me, except that there was nothing impertinent in his gaze. He seemed to be taking me in, if I may so express myself, from the tip of the black ostrich plume in my hat to the rather dusty-looking toe of my French boot, which I hastily and immediately drew within the protection of my black traveling-dress. But his glance of inspection had brought the blood to my cheeks very uncomfortably, and I turned toward the window. When, a few moments after, I glanced involuntarily up, in the mirror opposite, I caught his dark eyes bent on me. Again that stupid color surged to my face, for there was an indescribable something in the eyes which made me feel embarrassed and annoyed.

Perhaps he saw how I felt—evidently he was watching me—for, rising abruptly, and muttering, "Excuse me"—whether for his prolonged gaze or proposed departure, I know not—he left the car.

I noticed that he had left behind him the book he had been pretending to read, and, picking it up carelessly, I looked at the name inside, uttering as I did so an exclamation of astonishment. I could not be mistaken. "Hugh G. Ross, Rossmere, Md.," was written in a plain hand on the fly-leaf.

I knew it was his handwriting, too, for in Cousin Kate's last letter he had added a postscript, begging his "Dear Cousin Edith" to postpone no longer her promised visit to Rossmere; and it was in answer to his mother's urgent and kind invitation, that I was now on my way to her house.

I was for a moment bewildered. Perhaps he had known who I was, and that would account for the scrutiny he had seen fit to bestow on me.

But that seemed absurd, for of course he couldn't know me, never having seen me before, or even my picture. Besides, if he had had the remotest suspicion of my identity, he would have spoken, especially as he saw I was alone.

Suddenly an idea crossed my mind. I would have a little amusement at his expense. I had to be in the cars all day, and wanted something to do, anyhow, and now that I knew who he was, there could be no harm in my speaking to him.

In the midst of this new train of thought he reappeared, and quietly seated himself once more beside me. It was my turn to look now, and a series of covert glances in the mirror opposite, and out of it, too, sufficed to satisfy me. I did not raise my eyes from my lap, but said, just loud enough for him to hear:

"And so you have forgotten me, Hugh? I did not suspect that I would so soon slip from your memory, after—after—all that has passed between us."

He waited so long before replying, that I looked up. I met a puzzled glance, quickly followed by one of deep interest, of course assumed. But it showed me, I thought, that I had succeeded. Evidently he believed he was mistaken for some other Hugh, and intended, as far as in him lay, to carry on the error.

I had not misjudged him.

"Forgotten you, Edith? Forgotten those happy days of long ago? Do you think that one year has made so much difference in your face, that I could pass it by without recognition? Do you fancy I took this seat unwillingly, that I did not know you the moment I entered the car, and will you not believe that I left you a few moments ago, only because I felt that if I stayed longer, and you sat on so still, so coldly unconscious of my presence, I could not control myself? Oh, Edith, bless you for speaking to me. You have not forgotten the past, either, have you, dear?"

He spoke with so much warmth, so much vehemence, that I was frightened. How rash I had been! Instead of his being simply full of fun, as I had fancied him, and ready to follow my lead, he believed he had found in me one of his sweethearts of by-gone days. And that strange, wonderful resemblance of mine to that sweetheart accounted for his strange behavior from the first. I was placing my finger on, probably, the most tender spot of his heart; was, by such pure accident, handling a sacred thing of his past; and though my first and best impulse, on finding myself so placed, was to explain everything, a certain flash of his eye, and a curious anxiety I didn't understand, to find out more about this namesake of mine, and his interest in her, urged me on.

"My memory is short about some things," I answered, and as his eye met mine, for the third time that day, I blushed painfully. This time, though, because of the deceit I was practicing.

"Aye, about some things, Edith," he said, tenderly. "But those happy days we spent together, our rambles, our rides, and walks, and above all, that evening, when your hand in mine, you solemnly promised to become my wife, must be indelibly impressed on your heart as they are on mine. Do not say one word," he hurried on, as I began in confusion to interrupt him; "your silence shall speak for you. I have always trusted you, and felt that you were faithful; that it was only the malice of enemies that separated us, and now I see by your dear eyes that I am right. Now that I read in the tones of your sweet voice that you are still true, words cannot tell how supremely happy I am."

"Hush!" I said, desperately, putting my hand on his arm in my distress. "You are terribly mistaken. I am not the Edith you know. I am Edith——"

"Don't tell me," he interrupted, excitedly. "I won't hear it. If you are not the Edith I knew—if you are not Edith Fairfax, you must have exchanged that name for another. Oh, how can I bear it?"

He turned away, but before I had time to speak continued, in a voice of affected emotion I would have thought but for his evident agitation.

"Tell me truly, Edith, are you married to another?"

I could stand it no longer.

"Oh, Cousin Hugh, I am so, so sorry! I don't know what you will think of me, and I am sure I did not intend to find out your secret, and I couldn't help looking like Edith Fairfax, even if I am only Edith Carlton, and I am dreadfully ashamed of myself for not telling you who I was at first, and—and—but you know I will never speak of it again, even to you, and I am sure you will forgive me, and we must be friends."

And as I went on, I became more and more confused, each sentence dragging me deeper and deeper into a slough of embarrassment and awkwardness, until, as I stopped abruptly, I felt as if I would give worlds to slip underneath the seat before me, and be no more seen. And he didn't help me out one whit. I was afraid to look up—afraid to meet his disappointment and despair; but something must be done, something more must be said, and in nervous haste I raised my eyes—to meet in the glass opposite his, brimful of mischief and fun. I was too surprised to speak, too surprised even to look another way, and I gazed on, till a change came over his expression, a wistful something that made me turn quickly from him to hide my burning face.

"Well, Cousin Edith," he said, playfully, "have you enjoyed it? I think I played my part very well, thanks to the many novels I have read. To be sure you did what you could to assist me, and had you been old and ugly, my love-making, I am sure, would have failed. As it is I——"

"Do stop talking such foolishness," I cried, impulsively, turning full on him, "and tell me first how you found me out, and secondly, why did you not say that you knew me. I think you were very ungenerous."

"Do you?" he said, gravely. "I am sorry to hear it. This betrayed you," and he held up my handkerchief, where, in one corner, was plainly visible the name, "Edith Carleton."

I tried to snatch it from him.

"You are very rude," he said, "and in those days gone by, Edith, my darling, you were very different."

This with such humor, that I couldn't help joining in his merry laugh. The tables were turned now; he had met me on my own ground, and had—outwitted me.

"You must have thought me very fast," I said, after awhile, "to speak as I did at first, for you couldn't know I had found you out as my cousin."

"It was a little rapid to say the least," he answered. Then seeing I looked hurt, he added, quickly, "I am only in jest, Cousin Edith. From the moment I re-entered the car, I saw that you knew me. For what other purpose than to introduce myself do you suppose I left my book? I concluded to wait for you to speak first, and you did."

Another quizzical look, and I laughed back.

"Yes, I did!"

Happy Homes.—We pity the man, however prosperous his pecuniary condition, or however great his fame, who has not a happy home. A happy home is the heaven of this life. Yet many of our most distinguished men have not been fortunate in this respect. They have been made to feel how unsatisfactory was the world's applause, or the possession of official power, while all was cold and heartless or unsympathizing in their private homes. And these unhappy matches have not always, or generally, been made from motives of ambition. They have seemingly been the misfortune of chance. But what a terrible misfortune! All the distinctions in the world afford no compensation for such a deprivation. There is something inexplicable about many unhappy matches. A young couple marry from actual preference for each other, and from no motive but sincere affection; but a want of congeniality is subsequently developed, and a wretched home for life is the result. Blessed, indeed, and most highly favored, are they whose homes from the beginning to the end are always happy.

Fault-finding.—Find fault, when you must find fault, in private, if possible, and some time after the offence, rather than at the time. The blamed are less inclined to resist when they are blamed without witnesses. Both parties are calmer, and the accused person may be struck with the forbearance of the accuser, who has seen the fault, and watched for a private and proper time for mentioning it. Never be harsh or unjust with your children or servants. Firmness, with gentleness of demeanor and a regard for the feelings, constitutes that authority which is always respected and valued. If you have any cause to complain of a servant, never speak hastily; wait, at all events, until you have had time to reflect on the nature of the offence.

Air Castles.—Air castles have some splendid qualities. There are no masons' and carpenters' contracts to be made; no plumbers' bills to be vexed over; the furnaces never smoke, and the water-pipes never freeze; they need no insurance, and you have no vain regrets over mistakes in your plans, for you may have alterations and additions wherever you please, without making a small pandemonium and eating dust and ashes while they are in process.

SANTA CLAUS AFTER CHRISTMAS.

BY IDA FAY.

The streets shone as if they were paved with diamonds under the great round winter moon and the lights which flashed so merrily from the shop windows. Tempting, toy-filled windows they were all along the street through which little Charlie was wending his way homeward; for, though the holidays were over, there were toys enough remaining in each store to fill I don't know how many reindeer sledges like the one Santa Claus is always driving in picture books.

It was very cold, and the frost-sprites were trying to hide the pretty things and make their own pictures shine instead on the windows. Charlie's little fingers were fairly purple; but, notwithstanding this and the lateness of the hour, he stopped a long time, entirely absorbed in the wonderful sight. He had seen the same things a hundred times before, but they were just as fascinating now as if they were all new to him. The funny round figure of Santa Claus in the centre—not the real Santa Claus, of course, but a waxen or plaster image of him, with jolly little sprites peeping from his long white beard, and one sitting astride his shining red nose; the troops of tiny soldiers, "all saddled, all bridled, all fit for the fight;" the nimble jumping-jacks, always ready to perform their wonderful antics before the admiring crowd, and dolls, of every complexion, and of every age, from plump, crying babies in night-dresses, to little old women in high-crowned caps.

He thought it rather strange that Santa Claus should never bring him any fine presents, for everybody said that he carried the daintiest gifts to good children, and it is said so in the book which Will Hart lent him. And everybody said that he was a good boy. His mother called him "her little comfort;" and he was a comfort indeed, with his manly, helpful little ways and stout, loving little heart.

But, though he hung up his stocking every year as near as possible to the opening in the chimney, Santa Claus hardly ever noticed it at all, and if he did, it was only to drop a few bonbons or a penny whistle therein. Last Christmas there was nothing but a few dry cakes tucked into the toe. Charlie knew the very moment he laid eyes on them that they came from Mrs. Smith's little store around the corner, and wondered that Santa Claus should patronize so poor a place.

"When I grow up," he said, unconsciously speaking aloud, "Santa Claus will see that I can have plenty of fine things without waiting for him to bring them to me, and so will my mother, too. I can put beautiful presents under her pillow when she is asleep at night to surprise her in the morning; and, oh, won't she be glad! So, old Santa Claus, you can be as mean as you please, and take all your presents to rich people, if you want to."

"Hoighty, toighty! who's talking in that way to Santa Claus? I fancy you didn't think he would be here to listen to every word you said though, did you, sir?"

Charlie started and looked round, his heart dancing the fastest pit-a-pat that it ever danced before in all his life, and there was a little fat old man, with a face as round and rosy as an apple, and little twinkling black eyes. He was just like the pictures of Santa Claus for all the world; but whoever heard of Santa Claus promenading about the streets just like anybody else?—and so long after Christmas, too! Charlie had always heard that just as soon as Christmas Day was gone he hurried back, reindeer, sledge and all, to his own home in Eiland, and never appeared again until next Christmas came round. He could hardly believe that it was Santa Claus standing beside him; but, for all that, he was terribly frightened, and his first impulse was to take to his heels; then he thought it would be much braver to stand his ground, and if it were Santa Claus indeed, it would be far better for him to do so, for everybody knew that Santa Anna did not like cowardly boys. So he stood quite still on his sturdy little feet, prepared for the worst.

"So you call Santa Claus mean, do you?" said the little man, his jolly round face knit into as fierce an expression as such jolly round faces could wear.

Charlie edged himself a little further away, and was silent, since he could not deny that he had spoken thus concerning his lordship.

"You're a bold fellow, I should say," began the little old man again, placing his hand on poor Charlie's shoulder. "Very few small boys would dare to talk in that way about me. Didn't I ever carry you any presents, eh?"

"Oh, yes, sometimes," faltered Charlie; for he wouldn't have Santa Claus think that he wasn't grateful for what little he brought him, for worlds.

"But never anything very nice, I suppose? Pray, what did I put into your stocking last Christmas? I can't remember, myself. I have to go down so many chimneys, and find so many little boys' stockings, that I cannot keep them all in mind."

"Some cakes," said Charlie.

Though his voice was very hard to find, he was afraid not to answer.

"Indeed!" said Santa Claus; "and was that all?"

Charlie nodded in the affirmative.

"And were they good cakes?" he questioned again.

"Pretty good," said Charlie, beginning to be less afraid, and wondering how such a fat fellow ever got through their little crooked chimney.

"Pretty good!" repeated Santa Claus, in a somewhat angry and excited tone. "And you dare find fault with my gifts in that way!"

Charlie was so frightened that he nearly lost his breath, and he leaned his ragged little shoulder against the side of the building for support; but a funny twinkle in Santa Claus' eyes, which contradicted his severe tone, reassured him somewhat.

"I liked the cakes very much," said he, falteringly, "only Mrs. Smith doesn't generally make good cakes, and I know by their looks that they came from her store."

Santa Claus actually laughed.

"Plums in the cakes, I suppose?" said he.

Charlie shook his head.

"Well, well, that was hard," said Santa Claus, briskly; "but, then, I suppose I carried you enough the year before to make up for the lack this year."

"I had some candy in my stocking, then; but it was too warm in the chimney place, and it was almost melted when when I took it out, so I ate it up at once."

"Bah!" said Santa Claus, energetically shaking his head. "A piece of candy isn't much of a present, anyway, and especially a melted one! But it makes a difference whether it was a bad or a good boy that had such luck. If it were a good boy, I should be sorry, and blame myself very much. I don't often make any mistakes of that kind, because I put a little mark on all the bad boys I know, and keep shy of the chimney-holes where their stockings are hung altogether. Come here under this lamp-post, my lad, and let me see if the bad mark is in your face?"

"Bless me, no! 'tisn't there at all," said Santa Claus, after one long, keen glance. "We'll see about this business. 'Tisn't the way for good boys to go without Christmas presents, and 'tisnt too late now, if Christmas has gone by."

And he seized the astonished little boy by the hand, and led him into the brilliantly lighted toy store.

How wide and round Charlie's eyes were!

"Now what is it?" said Santa Claus, merrily, puckering up his ruby lips to try a little gilded trumpet. "Take your choice! Here are drums, rocking-horses, jumping-jacks, spinning-jennies, and I don't know what not. Want a drum?"

Charlie looked bewildered, and was silent; but Santa Claus kept urging him to take his choice. He could have what he liked best in the whole shop.

He could hardly imagine such bliss as it would be to possess a drum—a splendid, painted drum, that would astonish all the boys in the neighborhood; and his eyes sparkled like stars when Santa Claus took up one of the largest and nicest of the drums and placed it in his hands.

"Try how you like the sound of that," said he, beating a merry tattoo thereon with the drum-sticks.

"Oh, do you really mean that I may have it for my own?" cried Charlie, almost beside himself with joy.

"Of course you may," said Santa Claus, as if he were as much pleased with it as Charlie himself.

But just then Charlie's eye happened to fall upon a lady's work-box, furnished so daintily with thimble, scissors, wax, needle-book, pincushion, and everything that one could possibly need in sewing; and he thought how glad his mother would be to have it, and how nice and convenient she would find it—his poor mother who was obliged to sew night and day to earn their bread. So, suddenly putting the drum aside, he said, falteringly, "If you please, I'd rather have that work-box for my mother."

"Then you take the work-box and give up the drum, eh?" said Santa Claus, opening his eyes.

"If you please," said Charlie, casting a regretful glance at the drum; "my mother has to sew all day, and she'll be so glad!"

So Santa Claus bought the work-box; and after thanking him with the brightest face imaginable, Charlie started for home on the run with the wonderful present tucked under his arm. But Santa Claus stopped him, and asked him such a heap of questions about his mother and himself. And Charlie told him their whole sad story. How the coals were gone, and they had no money to buy more, though his mother worked until midnight, with her stiff, aching fingers; all the fire they had was made of the bits of wood which he picked up about the streets. How the rent was coming due to-morrow, and his mother was so afraid that she shouldn't get the money for her work in time, and they should be turned out of doors. Their landlord had threatened to turn them out many a time.

"Well," said Santa Claus, "I don't like to see your toes out of your shoes, here in January; and I don't like that thin jacket, either. I wear warm clothes, myself, when the wind blows, and snow is on the ground."

And what did the good old fellow do but take Charlie into a shoe store, and have him fitted to the nicest little pair of boots you ever saw. Jack Frost would have had hard work to find his toes in them. And they went to a clothing store, and, in an incredibly short space of time, Charlie found himself buttoned up in a fine, warm, new suit from top to toe. He wondered if his mother would know him when he got home.

"There!" said Santa Claus, "that is something like. Now I want you to tell me where you live, and I shan't forget you again—at least, not so long as you keep without the bad mark in your face."

I needn't tell you that Charlie's mother shared his joy when he burst in upon her, all out of breath, and in his new clothes, and with his wonderful story; and she liked her work-box very much.

"It seems like a fairy tale, doesn't it, Charlie?" said she.

But it wasn't the last they heard from Santa Claus that year. The very next morning, they found that he had been there in the night, and left a great package just outside the door; and what do you suppose it contained?

In the first place, there was the very drum which Charlie had longed for the night before, and attached to it was a slip of paper, upon which was written: "To Charlie, from Santa Claus, who remembers boys that are good to their mothers."

Then there was a nice warm shawl for Charlie's mother; and, better still, an envelope, containing money enough to pay their house rent for a whole year! All from that good, queer old Santa Claus! And the next day a great wagon load of coals came to them mysteriously; and of course they concluded that it must be Santa Claus who was to be thanked for that gift, also. Charlie was the very happiest little boy in all the world, I verily believe. Everything was too nice to seem real, though he wondered if he didn't fall asleep that night and wake up somebody else.

"How strange it was, mother," he would say, "that I should have found Santa Claus in the street, and that he should be bringing us presents so long after Christmas? But then he forgot us when Christmas was here."

His mother had doubts about its being the chimney fairy, Santa Claus. And I cannot say whether it was the real Santa Claus or no; but I say, heaven bless him, whoever he may be!

NEW YEAR'S EVE.

BY M. DE LYS.

Art going, Old Year, with no promise fulfilled?
Why desert me so soon, with no sweetness distilled
From thy fair summer roses?
I stand at the brink of the streams as they meet,
The streams called the years, and a new era greet
As the old era closes.

Oh, hurry not on! thoughts are crowding so fast;
Give me time—give me breath—I must call back the past,
Old Year, ere thou diest;
Some bright hopes recall, and some sorrows forget;
So much thou hast brought, I've not done with thee yet,
Too quickly thou flest.

Hark! the bells have begun! 'tis thy death knell, Old Year;
I grieve for thy parting—and enter with fear
The year that is dawning!
The wind moans and wails like the saddest farewells
Of many sad hearts—but the inconstant bells
E'en now welcome the morning.

What bring'st thou, New Year? dare I look in thy face,
And question thee boldly, and bid thy hand trace
The pathway before me?
Ah! no, my heart faileth, and silence is best:
I ask not for knowledge, but *only to rest*—
God's mercy is o'er me.

Now the bells are all silent, the Old Year is gone;
Quite away in the darkness the New cometh on,
With a quiet step and pressing;
And we pray through the days to be guided aright,
And we smile at our fears, for our clouds turn to light,
Illumed with God's blessing.

AN OLD MAN'S DARLING!

By MILLIE W. CARPENTER.

Author of "Such Sweet Sorrow," Etc.

[This serial was commenced in No. 21, Vol. 54. Back numbers can be obtained from all newsdealers throughout the United States, or direct from this office.]

CHAPTER XI.

"What have the firs whispered each other
Ever since I was ill?
Nodding their heads with 'Brother, brother,
The house seemeth strangely still.'"

The doors of Mrs. Shrewsbury's house on Lexington avenue opens for the returned prodigal, and closing, shut her safely in. But there is no air of rejoicing over her coming back from her voluntary exile, no savor of the fatted calf being killed.

The house is still—terribly still. Nobody is stirring. The servant who let them in and left them in the hall, has doubtless dropped into the bowels of the earth; there are no signs of his having lived to deliver the ambiguous message with which Mr. Henderson has charged him. Nellie shivers. Karl looks black and bored.

"Wait here a moment," he says, at last. "I will look into Frank's study. I dare say the servant has made a mistake."

Nellie drops down on the divan; it is so still—so still! Can it be that death has come into the house, bringing its awful silence? She feels inclined to shriek aloud, to fly out into the street—anywhere that there is life and bustle. The great, warm, brown-limbed Psyche on the wall looks down on her with a malicious gayety, as she waits, a forlorn, beautiful culprit. A servant skips down the staircase; he looks at her, astonished; he takes two or three steps toward her as if to speak, and then, frightened, perhaps, by the great, solemn eyes she turns on him, he retreats skittishly, and reports her duly to the kitchen congress.

Finally, after an absence of three minutes, which seem to Nellie to have been three years, Karl returns.

"I didn't succeed in finding anybody, but there is a fire in the library. You will be more comfortable there," he says, in a kindlier tone, as he puts her in a chair before the grate. "Wait here and I will find Mrs. Shrewsbury."

Nellie does not answer. She flings her hat wearily on the floor and leans back in her chair. Her small face shines out of her bright abundance of soft, curled, clinging hair with a piteously wan, pinched look. Karl regards it attentively a moment, and then turns back.

A great carved cabinet, in which Mr. Shrewsbury keeps a small vintage of choice liquors, stands at one end of the room. Karl, as an *habitue* of the house, has long since received a *carte blanche* to appropriate whatever means are at hand for his comfort. He unlocks the cabinet, and pouring out a glass of wine takes it to Nellie.

She drinks it, not heeding what it is. She is only conscious of something flowing down her throat and giving warmth and tone to her chilled blood. Speech returns to her, too, as her veins begin to fill.

"Do you think," she says, looking up with fever—bright eyes and hot red cheeks, into the dark, anxious face bending over her; "do you think it possible *that he—that my*—that he can be—*dead*. It is so still!" she shudders, in an awe-struck whisper.

"I trust not," he answers, gravely. "Be quiet. I will go and see."

As he turns to leave her, the great bell of St. Mathias, on the corner, begins to toll. So still is the air, that the first shuddering note, as it booms out, seems to be struck in the room above their heads. Even Karl, who prides himself on his nerve, gets an unpleasant start; and Nellie, jumping to her feet, screams aloud.

She runs to Henderson, flinging her arms about him. Only pure terror agitates her; there is no coquetry in her action as she clings to him, crying and sobbing with all the passionate abandon of a frightened child.

"Oh, why did you bring me here!" she cries. "It was cruel of you—so cruel! Nobody wants me—you see nobody wants me. They have forgotten me. Oh, take me away—take me away from this dreadful house!"

He tries vainly to tear her clinging hands away. She is thoroughly frightened. As he bends his head, trying his best to calm her, however unsuccessfully, the door opens, and Jennie Allston enters.

She is not aware of the presence of visitors in the library. She only came down from the country last evening, in answer to an urgent summons from Ellice, and she now enters unconsciously on the scene, guided by that malignant chance which is always sending the wrong person in the wrong place.

Her look, at first, is one of simple bewilderment. Astonishment, displeasure and recognition follow fast in turn.

"Miss Allston!"

Karl feels that all the blood in his body is rushing to his face as he says it.

"Mr. Henderson!"

Jennie's tone is as cold and cutting as a blast of northeast wind in winter. She has not yet recognized the golden-haired woman clinging to him.

Mr. Henderson essays once more to rid himself of his incumbrance, and this time he succeeds. But as Nellie shrinks away into the chair, a woefully wan, slight figure, Jennie recognizes her and rushes forward. Flinging herself on her knees, she takes the golden head in her arms, and sobs and showers kisses over the sweet love-locks. She rains tender words of endearment with her tears on the sweet, shy face that will not lift itself to her loving eyes.

"Nellie! darling sister! Thank heaven you have come back to us!"

She says it over and over in her joy. Karl walks to the window and stands looking out into the wide, still street. His one thought is that perhaps Miss Allston will not be so hard on him now that he has brought Nellie back again. But for the present Miss Allston pays no attention to him. She only hugs Nellie the tighter with every fresh burst of rejoicing. Meanwhile the bell tolls on; boom! boom!

"Jennie, tell me if—if——"

Poor Nellie halts and feels deadly cold. She cannot speak the words that lie upon her frozen tongue. She looks imploringly at the tall figure in the window. But he does not help her; he keeps his back resolutely turned on the sisters.

"What—what is it?—tell you what, dear?" asks Jennie, innocently.

"If he—if *he*—is *he* dead? They told me he was sick, was dying!"

How still the room is. Only that lonely bell tolling—tolling! Karl, in his suspense, feels the floor going round—around with measured whirl, as if in a mammoth waltz.

"Dead? No, dear; not dead, nor dying! Charles is better; so much better that this morning he is sitting up for the first time. We must go upstairs now, and see him. How selfish we have been—I have been—not to think of him before."

Nellie draws back into her chair, and sits with her hands over her eyes. Mr. Henderson comes forward from his post in the window; he is very pale. Involuntarily, as Jennie looks at him, her thoughts go back to a night in a country graveyard and a scene in a country inn.

She blushes furiously, hesitates, and then holds out her hand.

"Will you forgive me?" she asks, shyly, "and accept my thanks for your care of Nellie?"

He takes her hand silently, and holds it in his for a moment.

There is silence for a little space between the three. Nellie sits with an over-aged, drawn look on her face. Her thoughts are far enough away from the feeble, sickness-worn old man, who waits, all unconscious of her presence, in his chamber over their heads.

"Come," says Jennie, gently; "we must not stay any longer. Are you ready, dear?"

The last great throb of the bell clangs out with her words, and Nellie clasps her hands over her eyes.

"Oh, how dreadful! how dismal!" she cries, fretfully. "Will that bell never stop? Why do they toll bells for the dead? It does them no good, and only worries the living. I cannot stop here longer! I must go away! *He* does not need me now!"

She glances wildly about her. Jennie, frightened, takes her hands.

"Hush! hush! You have come back to stay with us. Charles is waiting for you upstairs. The thought of you, of finding you, kept him alive through that dreadful illness. Come."

She pulls her sister by main force to her feet, and Nellie, trembling, overpowered, essays to stand, but fails. She totters, and clutches at the rail of her chair.

Again she essays to stand, and again she falls into her chair, with a little exclamation of pain.

"What shall I do?" she asks, looking up piteously.

Karl steps promptly forward with offers of assistance.

"You must let me help you," he says, kindly.

He passes his arm about her, and, with Jennie on the other side, they make their way slowly up the stairs. At the door of Mr. Childerssohn's room Karl pauses and draws back.

"I will say good-bye here," he says.

But Nellie catches his hand, and holds it, with wide, wild, staring eyes.

"Not yet—don't leave me yet!" she falters.

Jennie knocks, and then flings the door wide open. Mr. Childerssohn is sitting in his dressing-gown in a chair. The shutters are drawn back, and the light streams in full upon him. His thin hands are crossed idly on his knees.

Karl takes the whole picture in. He turns with a strong inward shudder from the bent, aged, old man to the fair face that is gazing so imploringly into his. He is not likely to forget that look for many and many a day.

"Don't leave me here—don't leave me yet!" Nellie pleads.

At the sound of the opening door Mr. Childerssohn looks up with dull, unexpectant eyes. He sees Jennie standing there, and by her side, with averted face turned back across her shoulder, a slim figure, crowned with dear golden hair.

"Good-bye," says Karl, gently drawing back.

It is very hard to say the words calmly, yet his tone is firm, and Nellie does not dream of the passion struggling under his quiet manner. She thinks, poor child, that he is cold and unmoved—insensible to her suffering. Her eyes gleam angrily.

"Nellie! Nellie!" her husband cries aloud. "Is it you? Oh, my darling! have you come home at last?"

The poor, old, feeble voice is weaker than it was. He cannot see her face as she looks back through the door; he can only see the outline of a mass of waved, gold-bright hair.

"Nelly! Nellie!"

Oh, the doubt, and hope, and fear, all struggling together in that quivering voice!

"I am coming," she says, with a dull, cold utterance. Still she does not look around. He cannot see her face. Her eyes are fixed on him who stands without, silent, beside her in the hall.

Her lips move, but make no sound. If she does speak he never knows what it is she says—never, to his dying day. He starts, as if out of a trance. Taking her hand, he holds it very reverently and kindly in his own as he says:

"I must go now. Good-bye! good-bye!" and turning he plunges down the stairs and makes his way into the street.

Nellie lifts a haggard face. Like one in a dream she crosses the room and kneels by her husband's chair.

He bends over her. He tries to lift her up, but she shrinks away, a small, frail figure at his knees.

"You have come back! Oh, my darling, you have come back!"

He tries to draw her up into his weak arms, but she slips down to the floor, and, half kneeling, hides her face.

"Forgive me! oh, forgive me!" she sobs. "You must not keep me! Let me go! I only came one moment! They told me you were very ill! I shall go away, somewhere, to die alone!"

Her tears and confused words flow on together.

"Hush, foolish child!" He tries to be stern with the poor, trembling, frightened prodigal. "Don't talk of going away. Do you think anything in the wide world can separate us again? Do you think I could let my wife leave me again?"

She cowers down, shrinking as if he had struck her.

"Your wife! your wife! I *am* your wife, though I forgot it for a time! Your wife! Oh, heaven help me! what shall I do?"

CHAPTER XII.

Time passes. Days, weeks, go by, and Mr. Childerssohn advances rapidly on the road to health. His face loses its unhealthy look, and takes instead a somewhat ruddy tinge; his eyes regain something of the lost brightness of youth; his step is firm; his voice rings out cheerily. In short, he is a new-made man in his almost childish appearance.

His chief occupation now seems to be to follow Nellie about, to wait upon her, to administer to her comfort and pleasure in every way that presents itself to his mind. If he goes out he ransacks the stores in search of treasures to lay at his darling's feet.

They—Mrs. Shrewsbury, Jennie and Nellie, and Mr. Childerssohn—are sitting quietly one evening, when the silence is broken by the ringing of the hall-bell. Ting-aling-ling-ling!

"Hush! who can it be?" cries Nellie, starting up, while a lovely color dyes her cheeks and brow.

There is a murmur of voices in the hall. They die away. The door closes heavily. Silence!

"Nobody coming?" says Nellie, leaning back in her chair, the momentary color which has made her so fair fading away and leaving her paler than before.

"Were you expecting any one, dear?" asks her husband, taking a thin hand, which she immediately withdraws under pretence of knotting up her hair.

She has not time to answer. A servant taps at the door and enters.

"For Mrs. Childerssohn," and he gives into Nellie's eager hands a magnificent bouquet, all crimson, and purple, and orange bloom, fringed round with tender green. The card attached bears Mr. Henderson's name. He sends his compliments; he hopes that Mr. Childerssohn is quite recovered.

Nellie buries her face in its fragrant depths.

"So Mr. Henderson is alive?" remarks Mrs. Shrewsbury.

"It is very pretty of him to send his apologies in this way after his unaccountable absence. I suppose we may expect him to follow his card soon."

Jennie is looking rather anxiously at her sister's flushed cheeks and shining eyes. It is such an unnatural brightness.

Mr. Childerssohn, too, undisturbed by a single pang of jealous fear, is somewhat annoyed by his wife's feverish beauty.

"I did not know you were so fond of flowers, Nellie," he says, a little sadly. "When we get home again another summer you shall have all the garden on the south side of the house to do with as you like."

Nellie does not respond to this offer with the burst of rapturous gratitude which might have been expected of her. She only bends her face lower, till it is quite hidden from sight in the bouquet.

Mr. Childerssohn's forehead contracts the least in the world. Always, he notices, when he speaks of home Nellie is silent. There is no quickening of her pulse, no expectation in her eyes, no proud and tender joy in her voice, or smile at the prospect of returning to her own fireside. She does not want to go home. Her eyes seem to dilate with something very near to terror at the thought.

"Do you not wish for it?" he asks, gently. "You can order what choice you prize from the florists here. If you will make out a list I will see that they are sent home with us, and next summer you can cultivate what you will."

He is quite in earnest, and he lays his hand fondly on her golden curls as he speaks.

"I don't think I should care for them," she says, flushing painfully. "They would not be like *these!*"

Mr. Childerssohn turns away with a little sigh. Mrs. Shrewsbury glances quickly from one to the other of this ill-assorted pair.

The door opens, and Mr. Shrewsbury enters, accompanied by Karl Henderson. There is a stir in the little circle.

"We always hear the rustle of their wings," metaphorically observes Ellice, as she comes forward with outstretched hands.

"Which is only another and a prettier way of saying that, 'Speak of Satan, and he is sure to show his cloven foot;' so don't you feel flattered, Henderson?" observes the host.

"It all depends on what was being said. Nothing bad, I hope."

Mr. Henderson is a trifle thinner in flesh than he was a month ago. He is pale, too, and a little bit nervous.

"Nothing but sweetest praise of your flowers, I assure you," says Mr. Childerssohn, by his wife's chair; "with a little side description of the pleasures and pains of gardening."

"Stealing and giving odors," yawns Frank, sniffing the bouquet. "And let me tell you, Mrs. Nellie, you were fortunate you got your posy as you did, for when I ran across Henderson just now in the avenue his face was gloomy enough to bring that 'frost in June' which the poets tell us comes untimely to blight our fairest hopes."

"I've been in the country," says Karl, grimly. "In a house with six inches of snow spread before the windows, and the water-pipes bursting in every direction."

"Served you right, for leaving us at this season of the year," interpolates Frank, hardheartedly.

"My sister Carrie wanted I should help her with the flowers. It was a pity to see the pots torn up; though the prospect is they will freeze in any case, for the house in town won't be ready for them a fortnight to come. There's a whole bower of oleanders and orange trees in full bloom."

"Oh!" sigh the ladies, all together, "how lovely!"

"I wish your sister would lend them to us for the party next week?" says Mrs. Shrewsbury, insinuatingly. "Would she not, I wonder?"

"Well, I dare say you could have them for the asking, if you've a mind to take the trouble of getting them down here."

"Don't!" groans Frank, thrusting his hands through his curly blonde beard with a martyred expression. "It will be adding another pang to the misery in store for us. Already there's not a room open for a poor sinner to take his ease in. They are all being put in a new dress for the party."

"Well, but you like enjoying yourself at a party, when it comes to that," retorts his wife, pouting. "You know you danced all night last New Year's, and most uncivil of you to do so, too!"

"Duty dances," suggests her lord, briefly. "I always *do* make a martyr of myself."

"Not you. But about the oleanders, Mr. Henderson. Do you really think your sister will trust them with us? She will come to the party, of course. The cards will be left to-morrow."

Mr. Henderson raises a slightly bored face from the book of engravings he has been discussing with Miss Allston. Jennie's manner to him, though it is winning enough to others, still has something of chilling repose. He is not quite at ease in her presence, and, though she has given him her hand in token of amity, he feels that she regards him with distrustful eyes.

"I will answer that you can have the flowers by asking for them, and staking your life they will be returned as good as when they were brought away."

"But where are you going to put them?" asks Jennie.

"In the great bay window. It's *such* a cavern when empty! And one or two pictures, with plenty of wreathing vines, and blossoms, and the oleander boughs, will make it the loveliest nook—a veritable Romeo and Juliet balcony!"

"Why not have a tableau out and out?" inquires Frank, wholly reckless of the hisses and contemptuous exclamations with which his proposition is deservedly received.

"Tableau! Who would play Romeo, I wonder!"

"Or Juliet! Who would be a love-lorn Juliet!"

"It needs a fair-faced lassie for the heroine. Mrs. Nellie there, with the golden locks, shall be Juliet," says Frank, half in earnest, but with a little twinkle of fun in his eyes.

In the confusion Nellie does not heed what is going on about her, till Ellice's voice, raised and animated, calls her again to the fore.

"It is all settled, then, and Nellie shall accompany us. What do you say, Nellie? A visit to Mrs. Ainsleigh's. Karl will drive us, and it's splendid sleighing when we get outside the city."

The fierce resentment has not yet died out of her heart. Her cheeks are still burning.

"No; thanks. I don't believe I care to go. Three makes bad company. Besides I am to go out with Charles to-morrow."

"With me, my dear child?" responds innocent Mr. Childerssohn, unsuspectingly. "Where to? You know you can go out with me any time, and it is not every day you get a chance for sleighing. You had better go with Ellice."

Frank looks amused. Karl, black and rather cross, leans against the mantelpiece.

"The air will do you good," says Mr. Shrewsbury, "and the scenery along the river is worth looking at."

"Thanks!" Still very coolly, though her blood is a trifle less warm than a moment since. "Jennie can go."

"But Jennie does not wish to go, either," responds that young lady.

"Never mind," interposes Mrs. Shrewsbury. "Nellie is going with us, after all. Shall we say ten o'clock, Mr. Henderson? We shall want to rest, and lunch, of course. That will give us ample time to get back in early evening."

CHAPTER XIII.

The morning duly comes, but not so keenly bright as could have been hoped for. The weather has moderated considerably over night, and the prospect for our sleighing party is, that by the time they return, the thin crust of snow which for the last two days has made New York a paradise for pleasure-seekers, will have resolved itself into black paste.

"You won't need furs, or anything of that sort," says Frank, at parting. "Take a rug or two to keep off the wind as you turn the river; but when you get under the hills, my impression is that you will want your summer clothes and parasols."

"Be sure you are dressed warmly enough," says Mr. Childerssohn to Nellie. "It is such a long ride, and you are not strong, you know."

She is touched by his solicitude, and rewards him with a tender, thankful look out of her blue eyes, enough to keep his childish old heart warm for the remainder of the day.

"I'll take care of them," returns Henderson, proudly. "Never fear. The ponies are sure, and the road safe. Now, Frank, all right!"

The adieus are gaily spoken, and in a moment they are out of sight, down the long, still, hardly lighted city street.

"We could not have had a finer day," sighs Ellice, deliciously. "What a sense of freedom there is in getting over the ground in this way, without exerting yourself? How I *do* delight in sleighing!"

They seem to fly along, the sleigh is so like a huge bird keeping close to earth. The air is warm—too warm. And as they get into the open country, Henderson's quick eyes discern a slight thickening, as yet hardly perceptible, of the atmosphere.

"Now, if one could only take a sleigh-ride in summer wouldn't it be delightful, with birds to make music instead of bells?" said Nellie.

The road that leads to Mr. Ainsleigh's is a long one, but it has many turns. It winds among the hills and around the edge of a cliff, on one side of which a light railing shuts them off from a sheer descent of thirty feet below. So close are they to the precipice that as they pass along Nellie trails her gloved hand on the rail. Henderson looks down the steep declivity with a foreboding glance.

"If we should chance to be overtaken

by storms," he murmurs, "it would not be a pretty bit of work guiding the horses down this confounded footpath, for the road doesn't amount to much more than that."

But once safe at Mrs. Ainsleigh's, dull care takes to itself wings and flies away. Mr. Ainsleigh is in the city, but Mrs. Ainsleigh, who is a splendid image of Karl in curls and crinoline, receives them with a pattern welcome.

"So you're back again, after all; you couldn't keep away if you tried, now, could you?" she says, quizzically, giving her brother a kiss.

"What are you going to give us for dinner, Carrie?" he asks. "You know, of course, that we are hungry."

"Dinner! ah, there's a question for you. Ah, you may have something for your dinner, or you may not. It is all just as you behave yourself."

"I must go and make my compliments to Mrs. Pingley; she will expect it, and will be sure to reward me for it in serving us up a better dinner," replied her brother.

Karl is right, as an oracle always should be. The cook, propitiated, does her best; the dishes, though few, are unexceptionable. They are warmly praised, and Mrs. Pingley caps the climax by sending up a dessert, which is a masterpiece of art. Karl sends back a message that makes the good woman quiver, like a large jelly, with gratified vanity.

"Ah!" sighs the dear soul, "there's the difference between serving up things for a gentleman as has had his tastes oblidiated, and them that don't know the flavor of beef from mutton. Mister Henderson ain't none of your common prigs, to sit down at a table and take everything into his stomach together."

It is four o'clock of a short winter day. Dusky afternoon has faded so imperceptibly into duskier evening, that the afternoon is well-nigh gone before Karl discovers that it is time they were on the way home. Everybody is startled to find how late it is, and not much time is wasted in making adieus. All necessary arrangements are settled concerning the transmission of the coveted flowers. Mrs. Shrewsbury is to send a trusty servant to take charge of them, and Carrie has signified that her acceptance of an invitation to the party is a matter of course.

That splendid instinct which brings the horse, of all animals, the nearest to a level with human intelligence, is sure to warn him when his face is homeward turned, and he is likewise sure to show his appreciation of the fact by getting over the ground in much better time than he makes when his path leads to parts unknown. Henderson is far too good a horseman to let his animals do their best work on the first miles. But as the gloom gathers thicker before them and banks of mist drift steadily forward, insensibly his hands slacken on the reins, and trees and fences and juts of rock flash past them with an almost frightful rapidity.

The rain, which was but a moisture of the atmosphere at first, has now deepened into a pour, noiseless and warm. The heavens are one dull sheet of leaden gray, and ever and anon the low rumble of thunder is heard. As it echoes, and ever multiplies and reverberates among the rocks, the horses plunge uneasily. It takes all Henderson's well-taxed strength to hold them. He soothes them as best he can with gentle words, but he feels them quiver with terror in the lonely storm.

The ladies are mostly silent, only speaking occasionally.

"How the rain does penetrate to the marrow of one's bones," sighs Nellie, piteously. "Oh, dear! how wet and chilled I am."

They are thoroughly drenched by this time. Drip! drip! pour! pour! The water trickles down their faces: it drips from their clothing, and forms pools under their feet. Karl sits like a water-god before them; the brim of his hat is turned down, and the rain pours from it over his shoulders.

"If I ever see my own fireside again!" cries Ellice, "I'll never leave it," and Mrs. Shrewsbury shudders.

Flash! flash! trickle! trickle! The clouds roll up threateningly, the thunder echoes, and sharp flashes of lightning are seen.

Over and over Henderson asks them if they are there, if they are unhurt; over and over, but with ever weaker and fainter voices, they assure him that they are as comfortable as is possible to be in the situation. He grinds his teeth together, cursing himself for his foolhardiness in starting out under such a sky. His thoughts turn most to Nellie; she is so fragile, so little able to bear the test of such an exposure to the elements.

"If there were only an umbrella," he grumbles, in the depth of his dispair. "It would shield you in a measure."

"It would not be of the slightest use," answers Ellice, as cheerily as possible. "We could not hold it a moment against this storm."

There is silence for a few minutes, which seem to them like hours. The rain pours untiringly.

"Oh, dear! I am so cold! so wet! so cold!" cried Nellie, evasively.

Karl hears her, and detects the change in her voice. If she can but hold out a half hour longer, all may be well. Meanwhile the worse is to come—they are fast nearing the precipice.

"Make yourselves as comfortable as you can," he calls out, giving as much of a cheery ring to his tone as he can manage. "There is not so much as a cabin on this lonely route; not a house till we turn the river road."

"What would be the use of stopping?" queries Ellice. "We are as wet as we can well be. Let us go on till we get to our own home."

"Home!" moans Nellie, now thoroughly exhausted. "I shall never see home again. Oh! how like death this coldness is about my heart. I did not mean to leave Charles; tell him I am sorry. I meant to be good, now."

She babbles confusedly. Her head sinks on Ellice's shoulder, and Karl feels the strong shudder that sways her fragile form. But he cannot help her.

"For God's sake, keep up a while longer!" he cries. "Be quiet! We are on the edge of the cliff! If you stir it is sure death! The horses will be over! It is more than I can do to hold them!" he says.

The words, in the spirit he breathes them, are a prayer. It is a confession of his weakness. He throws himself on the mercy of the power that rules the storm. He is so powerless, so utterly helpless; and those two frightened women behind are hanging, for life or death as it were, on the motion of his weakened hands.

"Hush!" breathes Ellice. "Is not the wind going down? It is surely quieter than it was a moment since!"

Only a breathing space though. It is the calm that precedes the storm. It lifts the clouds again, and drives the rain staggering with awful force full in their faces. More than that, it lifts Karl's hat from his head, and bears it whirling through the darkness.

He has not a finger to spare with which to save his property! He can only sit patiently as may be, as the wind, lessening, drops it, far down, in the river, which in turn catches it up and bears it out seaward—out, out and away.

There comes just now a low, ominous growl of the wind among the hills. The thunder leaps out first, followed by a flash of lightning so vivid and protracted that all the surrounding landscape lies plainly visible as in broad daylight before their eyes. Ellice shrieks and shuts her eyes. She is for the moment glad that Nellie is too near insensible to see it.

Henderson rises to his feet. The abyss yawns before them, and the horses, plunging forward, stand with distended eyes looking down into the rocky chasm. It takes all his strength to keep them back. If a line should break, what then? But no. They stand the test, as, exerting all his power, he holds them well in against the wall on the other side.

At length, to his inexpressible joy and thankfulness, they strike the river thoroughfare below; the city lights are twinkling in the darkness far away. They are safe! They are safe!

Drawing a long breath of relief as the excited beasts subside into an even trot, Karl turns to his companions. Ellice sits white and still. Nellie's head rests on her shoulder. She breathes, and that is all that can be said of her—all, save that she is very wet.

"How is she?" he asks, in a low voice. "Do you think it is anything worse than fatigue and fright?"

"I hope not," Ellice answers, doubtfully. "But she is thoroughly chilled, and every moment makes it worse. I wish we were well home."

Nelly stirs. She opens her blue eyes, which are like drenched flowers.

"Home! take me home! it is so cold! It rains on me! I am drenched and chilled!"

"You shall soon be home," Karl says to her, cheerily. "Don't give up, Nellie. We shall soon be where we can get fire and shelter."

Nellie raises her head at the sound of his voice. Ellice feels her cold cheek flushing warmly, as she presses her hand against her beating temples.

"That's right!" cries Henderson, encouragingly, much as he would speak to a little child. "Keep up good courage; we shall soon be home. Ha! who is this coming?"

A carriage with lighted lamps rolls rapidly toward them through the rain. As it comes opposite them the driver pulls sharply up.

"Hallos! Henderson! Is this you?" cries a familiar voice.

"Frank, my boy! Thank heaven! you are just in time!"

"I should say so. Where are Ellice and Nellie?"

"Here, and, thank God, safe!"

Gay Frank Shrewsbury holds his wife's cold little nose to his blonde beard a trifle longer than is absolutely necessary, standing there in the pouring rain.

"Oh, Frank, we are so wet, so chilled! And here is Nellie, poor Nellie! Look after her, Frank."

"Nellie! Nellie!" cries a trembling, quivering voice from the carriage. "What is the matter with Nellie? Where is she?"

"It's Childerssohn," whispers Frank. "We could not keep him back, though it is as much as his life is worth, venturing out in such a storm. He has been acting like a madman since the first flash of lightning came."

Mr. Childerssohn descends with nervous eagerness from the carriage, and gropes his way blindly to the other side of the sleigh. He does not heed the dripping rain, which tosses his white hair. He feels about, feebly and blindly, in the dark.

"Where is she?" he cries, angrily. "Can no one help me? You have killed her! How cold her face is! She is dying in this cruel storm!"

He lifts the golden head, and presses the wet, chilled face against his own withered cheeks. He cries out with an exceedingly bitter cry as he kisses the sweet, cold mouth:

"She is dying! My darling is dying in the rain!"

But the voices, the warm human touch has aroused her. She is only numb and faint, and now, as her husband takes her in his arms, she opens her eyes and whispers:

"I am so cold."

They lift her into the carriage, Frank and Mr. Childerssohn, and stand by in silence. Mr. Childerssohn has taken possession of his own, and Karl, though he is half ashamed of it, feels his blood burning hotly as the old man holds her, with kisses, in his trembling old arms.

"Hallos, Karl! where is your hat?" calls out Mr. Shrewsbury.

"Oh, it parted company with me an hour or more since."

"Nonsense! There we are; all right now. You jump up there by the driver, Henderson; I will take your ponies back to town. And stay, Henderson, take Mr. Childerssohn's hat; he is going inside, and won't mind it so much."

But Karl, brusquely declining, climbs up to his seat, and does not speak again until the carriage stops at Mr. Shrewsbury's door.

Inside, the company are quite as silent. Once, and only once, Nellie opens her blue eyes wide, and stares wildly.

"Where am I?" she asks. "Where is he? Is he safe? It was dreadfull! dreadful!"

Mr. Childerssohn smiles with tender and proud satisfaction. He regards her anxiety as another proof of her awakened love for him, and he pats her cold cheek fondly as he replies:

"I am here, darling! safe, quite safe, and comfortable. The rain was nothing; I was out in it but a moment. You must not be worried about me; think of yourself."

Nellie moves her fair head, but she does not speak again. Later in the evening she is sitting in her own room. The whole party have been dosed and cared for.

Mr. Childerssohn has been easily persuaded to retire, and Nellie sits by the fire, with Jennie, on an ottoman, at her feet. She has been dozing, and awakes out of it with a start.

"How one's thoughts in sleep follow their waking ones. I am sure I shall dream it all over again to-night. How is *he*? Do you know? Do you think he will be ill?"

"What! Charles ill? I hope not. He is doubtless asleep by this time, and will be quite well to-morrow."

Nellie shakes her bright head angrily. She looks at Jennie quickly, with wide-open, cold, blue eyes.

"You know I did not mean Charles!"

"If you mean Karl Henderson, then," answers Jennie, coldly, "I must say that the prospect is very good just now for him to be kept indoors for a while. I saw him a few moments ago."

"You are hard-hearted," says Nellie, indignantly.

"And you are very foolish! Child, do you know how foolish you are? How you are laying up for yourself bitter misery?"

"Am I? Well, I cannot be much more miserable than I am. Oh, me! me!"

She rocks herself back and forth, with her golden head bent low, in the firelight, to her knees.

"Oh, darling, don't! Don't be so weak—so worse than weak! so wicked!"

Nellie lifts her head with quick anger. Her cheeks burn hotly red; her blue eyes flash cold and bright.

"You need not be afraid for me. It is better for me to speak out at times; it takes the weight away from here," and she lays her hand to her heart. "The pride my father gave me, the old fierce pride, the scorn of manners which comes to me with the Allston blood, will never fail me. But there are times"—her voice rises wildly—"there are times when I feel that if Karl Henderson, clad in beggar's rags, were to call me to his side, I should go, though the wealth of all the Indies were to be laid at my feet to bribe me to remain."

"Pray heaven that temptation may never find you in your weak moments, then," answers Jennie, sternly. "Oh, Nellie, for shame! for shame! I cannot bear to hear you talk like this."

"It is only for a moment. You can bear it for that time. You see I am trying to be good." Her voice fails again, and again she rocks herself back and forth in her chair. "I am trying to be good—to do my duty and make my husband happy. How I hate myself; how I despise myself at times. But it will not be for long; not for long!"

"Hush, Nellie! you are weak and hysterical. Go to bed now; try to forget what you have been saying. It is like a bad dream."

"It won't be for long, Jennie. You can bear with my weakness, with my foolishness, for a little time. Good-night, now!"

Jennie kisses her and leaves her. But as she goes through the door, she looks back and sees her sister sitting, a solitary figure, by the fire, staring intently into the mass of red hot coal. Tears rise to Jennie's eyes.

"God help her! She's nothing but a child."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

PEARLS.

From immemorial time the pearl has been ranked among the precious gems, and highly esteemed as one of women's chief ornaments. It is the inspired simile of divine truth. It is the chosen emblem of good fortune by poets and romancers. It is numbered among the jewels of royalty. Yet Linnæus has shown that the beautiful pearl is but a slimy excretion developed for the purpose of covering a grain of sand, or some other foreign substance, which has accidentally entered between the delicate mantle and the shell, and if not thus covered would cause irritation to the former. He proved by experiment that by perforating a living pearl oyster, and introducing a grain of sand, a nucleus is formed for the development of a pearl; or, in other words, the natural accretion of the substance of pearls is always owing to some injury the animal has received, and for demonstrating this fact Linnæus was knighted. The Chinese are known to cause the formation of pearls by introducing into the shells small beads of mother-of-pearl, which soon collect an incrustation of calcareous matter. The same animal which yields the precious pearl also produces the mother-of-pearl shells, which are so beautifully carved by the monks of Bethlehem and Jerusalem, illustrative of the holy places.

There are two methods by which the pearl is extracted. In one case the oysters are strewn on the beach and exposed to the rays of the sun until the animal is dead, and the shells open by relaxation. In the other case an iron instrument is inserted, the shell of the bivalve is forced open, the gem extracted, and the animal, robbed of its jewel, is thrown into the sea. Many of the oysters brought up by the divers contain no pearls, but frequently in a single shell are found from eight to twelve, and sometimes twenty, pearls. Many of them are small, and such are called "seed-pearls," but occasionally one is found so large that it is a fortune in itself. The two famous pearls which Cleopatra proposed to dissolve in vinegar in honor of Mark Antony, at the luxurious banquet to which she had invited him, were valued at three hundred and ninety thousand dollars. Napoleon III. possessed an enormous pear-shaped pearl, which he exhibited at the Paris Exposition in 1855. What is known in England as the "Hope pearl" weighs three ounces, and is four and a half inches in circumference. And among the crown jewels of Russia, and on the imperial crown thereof, are thirty-eight vast and perfect pearls, each one a fortune to its possessor.

LEGENDS OF THE APPLE.—The apple, which, as well as we know, is the first fruit mentioned in the Bible, has been the occasion of various legends and superstitions. In Arabia it is believed to charm away disease, and produce health and prosperity. In some countries the custom remains of placing a rosy apple in the hand of the dead, that they may find it when they enter paradise. The Greeks use it as a symbol of wealth and large possessions, thus attesting their esteem for the fullness and richness of its qualities. In northern mythology the apple is said to produce rejuvenating power. Germany, France and Switzerland have numerous legends regarding this fruit. In some it is celebrated as the harbinger of good fortune, causing one's most earnest desires to be fulfilled; in others its beautiful properties are shown forth as bringing death and destruction; others again speak of it as an oracle in love affairs; this is especially the case with the Germans, not only in their numerous tales, but in some surviving customs. In England, as well as in our own country, is known among school girls the popular use of the apple seeds in divining one's sweetheart.

GERTIE'S NEW YEAR'S GIFT.

BY H. C. K.

It was New Year's morn. Mr. Andrew Foster was up much earlier than usual; in truth, he might as well have remained up during the night, for, although his head rested upon a downy pillow, sleep never visited him during those long, last hours of the old year, nor the first of the infant successor. At the best of times, when a man's or woman's heart is free from the burden of a disapproving conscience, there is something deeply impressive about "Old Year's Night." As we watch, passing, passing so swiftly, dying out, those last moments, how many a heart is filled with vain regrets! But there is another chance—a better time, we say; the morrow we will begin anew, make amends for the past, to him or her. Yet, oh, if with the passing year, that one that we might have made happier has gone too—gone beyond recall; then ours are ceaseless regrets.

It was not thus, however, with Andrew Foster. The particular one whose happiness he had marred still was with him. Daily he saw the face, once so bright and beautiful, growing paler; missed the merry, bird-like voice that filled the house with the sweetest music! Yes, although he knew she was fading under his hard, unbending will, he would not bring her back to life—aye! for what is life without love? Constantly during those midnight hours, as vainly he wooed sleep, there would come the plaintive little face, with the great beseeching-looking eyes. Why would he not yield? Why, because pride said "nay." Could he, the wealthiest merchant of that large city, give his darling child to one so far beneath her in position, and possessing nothing more than his own good name?

Harry Landon was one of her father's clerks, and Gertie Foster, despite the great gulf between them, grew to love, with all the devotion of her nature, the handsome young man. Every one liked Harry, and respected him; and no one in Andrew Foster's employ possessed more fully his confidence. Many times he would remark to friends, "Landon is a fine fellow—a noble fellow!" But when the truth came to the proud father that this young man had dared to love his child, his opinion must have undergone a great change, for he could scarcely restrain his wrath sufficiently to treat with any show of decent politeness Harry Landon, when he came to him, in a manly, truthful manner, and told his love.

"Have you presumed to tell Miss Foster this, sir?" asked the indignant father.

"No, sir. I came to you first, scarcely daring to hope you would give me permission to speak. Still, there was a possibility, and I seized it. But I am sure Miss Foster is not ignorant of my feelings——"

"Impossible! I never will consent. 'Tis useless to say more on the subject. And, after this conversation, I suppose you will not feel so well contented in your position with our house."

"I was about to ask, sir, if you would give me letters of introduction to some other establishment."

"Certainly, certainly, Landon. I will see that you have a position quite as good, to say the least, as your present one. I—I am sorry this has happened. I am your friend in every other way. You must remember and command my services when you wish."

And so the young man and his employer parted.

Days passed, until a fortnight had elapsed, and Gertie had not seen Harry Landon. She missed him from the warehouse, too, and, with her usual straightforward, candid manner, she went to her father, and asked, "Where is Harry Landon, father?"

"He has left us for a better position at Black's," answered her father, with his eyes still on his paper.

"Why did he leave you, father? I heard you say you were going to do more for him."

Andrew Foster raised his eyes then, and, looking sternly into his daughter's, replied, "He presumed too far on my friendship, and it was desirable to both him and myself that he should seek employment elsewhere."

Her beautiful, truthful eyes were still gazing into his with an eager, anxious expression. She sank down on a stool at his feet, leaned her head caressingly against him for a moment, and then whispered, with a blush suffusing her pretty, child-like face, "Father, did he tell you that he loved your daughter? And was it *that* you sent him away for?"

"Yes, Gertie. He might have known I could not listen for a moment to his suit. He a worthy young man; but really it was very presuming in him to——"

"Presuming, father, in an honorable, worthy man to love me? I don't think it so. I feel honored by the love of such a one. And, father, he has told you his secret; I will do so, too. Although he may never know it, I love Harry Landon."

There was much said between the father and child—she gently pleading for her love, he chiding and unyielding.

A year had gone by since then. Occasionally Gertie would meet Harry Landon in the street. Once they stood side by side at the church door, and Gertie could not resist placing her hand in his, and, notwithstanding the probability of Mrs. Grundy's declaring it very unmaidenly, she whispered:

"I know all; and though I may never be yours, I will never wed another."

Harry was nearer happiness then than he had dreamed of ever being again. Now that he was assured of her love, her constancy, he would hope, and hope on.

As Mr. Andrew Foster stood before the window that New Year's morning, looking out on the passers-by, many pleasant-looking faces greeted him with a smile, and "Happy New Year, sir."

A moment more, and the room-door was thrown open, and his boy, his only one, the youngest of his children, came running up, crying out:

"Happy New Year for papa! See, papa! Eddie's happy! New Year's Day, with new clothes, new boots, new everything! I am going to be a *new boy*, too! Gertie says everybody must try and make somebody happy to-day! I am going to make Nellie happy, for I'll stop teasing her. I wish, oh! I wish mamma was here!"

His blue eyes filled with tears, and his lips quivered, and in a sorrowful voice he continued:

"I wish I'd been a new boy when mamma was here!"

Was everybody striving to place before him, hold up for his inspection, his harshness? Was every word intended to deal a sure blow? When the little seven-year-old Eddie spoke of "mamma," Andrew Foster could scarcely repress a groan.

She was gone. Two years before, she had passed from earth. Oh, if she was with him, how different he would be! He had been a good husband; and the gentle wife could not find in him anything to reproach. But *he* knew how much was left undone; how many little loving acts, that make life doubly sweet, were forgotten then.

Again Eddie's voice sounded in the father's ear.

"Papa, are you going to be a new man to-day? Papa, make *me* happy first with a splendid pair of skates. And Nellie and Gertie must be happy, too, papa. Make Gertie be a new girl, please. She won't sing and play with us; she's getting old, I believe."

No argument, no pleading, no matter how earnest, could have made such an impression on Andrew Foster as that child's innocent prattle.

Again the door opened, and Gertie and Nellie were beside him. The kisses were given and received. The father saw his child was striving to be cheerful, and not cast her shadow over him. He told them all to speak their wish, what he should give them that day. Eddie and Nellie were quick to tell; but Gertie said, with a smile that threatened to be a tear, "Give me what you choose, father. You give me so much, I have no wish to speak; but——"

She hesitated; she almost dared to breathe it forth. No, no! she would not cloud his heart that day.

She cast aside the wild hope, and continued, "Bring me what you think I'd like; I trust to your decision."

After breakfast, he said, "You will lay aside your deep mourning to-day, my child, and help me receive some friends at dinner. It is not to be a late affair."

She promised she would; but her father knew it would be an unpleasant task—that Gertie would much sooner spend the day quietly with the little ones, or in acts of love and mercy.

The guests were all gone. The tiresome day was nearly over. Gertie had thrown herself wearily into an arm-chair. There were no longer need for dissembling; the forced smiles could die away; she could rest and weep. The children had been made happy. Her father had given all, save her, the New Year presents. She had not cared for any; but she had held a lingering hope that he might come to her with a word that would break the long silence, that she might plead anew with him.

Andrew Foster had closely watched his child, as she did, with so much dignity and grace, the honors of his elegant establishment. And he saw through the mask she wore; never so plainly was visible the change that the last year had wrought in her beautiful face.

When he saw her sink so wearily into the chair, his heart smote him, and he went out quickly. Possibly he feared, should he linger, he might grow weak and relent.

Gertie heard the front door close, and she wondered her father had gone out so late.

How long she remained she knew not, dreaming. Not *sleeping* dreams were they. Her mood of depression had taken wings, and she was smiling gently, sweetly. Visions of happier times were before her.

A cautious step approached. She heard it, yet moved not, nor opened her eyes.

He, her father, bent gently, lovingly over her, and murmured, "She is sleeping and happy now. Gertie!" he called, softly.

"Father, I've not been sleeping," she answered, softly.

"I thought you were, and dreaming——"

"I *was* dreaming happy dreams—vain, fleeting visions," she said, her voice filled with sadness.

"Have you forgotten your New Year's gift I was to bring you, Gertie?" he asked.

"No, sir; I thought you had. Have you brought me one?" she asked, forcing a show of interest.

"Yes, little daughter, I have brought it; I have never for a moment ceased to think of it. It has been a subject of much weight. You left it to my decision, and I wished to be sure of pleasing you. Now put your arms around me, and give me a kiss—one of Gertie's old loving caresses—and then go look in the library, and find your New Year's gift," her father said, his whole frame trembling with emotion.

She was again a child, clinging lovingly about him; forgetting, for the time, all but her father's effort to please her. She knew not why it was, but she saw and felt his agitation; and she strove to be calm and make him happy.

Then she opened the door, passed through the hall, and entered the library. The father strained his ear to catch the sound of joyous surprise. He hears it. It falls on his ear and sinks into his heart, and he murmurs, "Gone! Mine no longer!"

Seeking her father's gift, she raised her eyes; and there, smiling, standing before her, his arms put forth to welcome her, was Harry Landon.

She could not realize the great joy—it was too much. She dared not accept it yet. And withdrawing herself from his encircling arms, she said, "Come—come to father! Can he mean, that we shall be happy?"

Kneeling before him, she asked, between tears and smiles, "Do yo mean—oh, father, speak! Tell me what it is?"

"Gertie's New Year's gift—her father's choice. Have I succeeded in pleasing you, eh, little one?"

"Oh, father! the best, the dearest father that ever a girl possessed! What can we do to make you happy?"

"Why, darling, I am now very happy! It comes very suddenly with my resolve to make others so," answered Andrew Foster, placing his child's hand in her lover's.

We may give our gifts, of things rich and rare—jewels bright and pure—but the *best* of all are those of Love, Mercy and Forgiveness. These should be our "New Year's" gifts.

HE who does good to another man, does also good to himself; not only in the consequences, but in the very act of doing it; for the conscience of well-doing is an ample reward.

THE great wish of most people is for a fortune and nothing to do. How fully men are punished when is is realized.

FACETIÆ

A FAST MUSICIAN—One who plays too *forte*.

WITH hungry men, meal times are the best times.

A MOTHER-IN-LAW in the house is a well-spring of jawy.

TIME will only hang up his scythe when he is no mower.

THE "Beautiful Blue Danube" is a muddy, yellow fraud.

JONAH was a stranger among whales, and they took him in.

WE are told that "the smallest hair throws a shadow." And so it does. It throws a shadow over your appetite when you find it in your victuals.

"A HOME without children is like heaven without angels," says a Kentucky paper. We just want him to get out of bed four times a night for a month to keep the baby's legs covered up.

THE proper way for a lady to direct a letter this winter is to run the direction from corner to corner, scatter three one-cent stamps over the envelope, and write "important" on any vacant space left.

"MAMMA, where do the cows get the milk?" asked Willie, looking up from the foaming pan of milk which he had been intently regarding. "Where do you get your tears?" was the answer. After a thoughtful silence he again broke out, "Mamma, do the cows have to be spanked?"

A BOSTON lawyer sends this: "Twenty years ago, just after I was admitted to the bar in Maine, I called one evening on the young lady who has since become my wife. I made friends with her little brother Addie, and when he ran out of the room heard him ask his mother confidentially, 'Mamma, do you think angels' wings are strong enough to carry lawyers to heaven?' The good woman's answer was lost in the 'Hush, dear!' but in the battle of life since then the question has come back more than once."

THERE was a very irascible old gentleman who formerly held the position of Associate Judge in one of our interior county seats. Going down the main street one day, one of the young lawyers spoke to him without coming up to his honor's idea of deference. "Young man, I fine you five dollars for contempt of court." "Why, judge," said the offender, "you are not in session." "This court," responded the judge, thoroughly irritated, "is always in session, and consequently always an object of contempt."

"PA," said Mrs. Spilkins, glancing up from a perusal of the thrilling pages of last year's speeches on the Credit Mobilier, "what does it mean to put your money 'where it will do the most good?'" "Utilize, my dear, utilize," replied her loving spouse, "that's what it means." "I don't neither!" screamed Mrs. S., with tears of rage; "I never told one in my life, you heartless wretch!" And Spilkins just dodged in time to let a volume of "Congressional Debates" graze his *os frontis* and pass through a front window-pane.

THE officer of the deck on board a man-of-war asked the man at the wheel one day, "How does she head?" It was blowing a gale of wind. "Southayst," replied Pat, touching his hat, but forgetting to add "sir" to his answer. "You'd better put a few more s's in your answer when you speak to me," said the huffy lieutenant. "Aye, aye, sir-r-r," returned the witty Irishman. A day or two after, the officer called out again, "How does she head now?" "Southayst and be south, half south and a little southerly, sir-ree, your honor, sir," screamed Pat.

OUR OWN SPHINX.

[Communications intended for publication in this department, should be addressed to care of Editor SATURDAY EVENING POST, Philada.]

A DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

1. A street of Baltimore. 2. An island of Oceanica. 3. A mountain of North Carolina. 4. A part of ancient Rome. 5. A city of Greece. 6. One of the most fertile tracts of Arabia. My initials form the name of the United States capital, and my finals the river upon which it is situated.

LITTLE ONE.

DOUBLE REBUS.

My first belong to a whip,
My next is a serious play;
My third is part of a shoe,
My fourth is a large bird of prey.
The initials and finals will bring to your mind
Two emotions which often govern mankind.

FORT TOTTEN.

TRANSPOSED FISHES.

1. O, get runs. 2. Hock dad. 3. Bil n hut. 4. Hit wing. 5. O, sir pope. 6. Nod phil. 7. What I bite. 8. Mary Pell. 9. Sir, a den. 10. Dame N. salts. 11. Loud fern. 12. Dull terms, E. 13. Cad case. 14. Ha, get rid. 15. Ruth sham. 16. Stop it, D., hogs feed. 17. Is Mr. M. the bull? 18. Her half tears. 19. Guy N. guard fril. 20. G. undone G. 21. Tub or tull.

OLD SALT.

CURTAILMENTS.

1. Curtail a sea plant and leave a female name.
2. Curtail heat and leave a tree.
3. Curtail confidence and leave a plant.
4. Curtail a feather and leave a fruit.
5. Curtail a boat and leave a joke.
6. Curtail your father and leave his title.
7. Curtail revenge and leave a kitchen utensil.
8. Curtail a bird and leave a shrub.
9. Curtail a tooth and leave a metal.

FORT TOTTEN.

[Answers to the above will be given in No. 27.]

Answers to "Our Own Sphinx." No. 21, Vol. 54

HIDDEN RIVERS.—1. Oba. 2. Saco. 3. Elk. 4. Rapidan. 5. Penobscot. 6. Patapsco. 7. Kennebec.

SQUARE WORDS.—

1.	2.
ARNO	WEND
ROAN	EVER
NARY	NEVA
ONYX	DRAY

3.	4.
SWAY	SOCK
WANE	OGLE
ANNA	CLAN
YEAR	KENT

ENIGMA.—The letter "O."

PLIGHTED IN PERIL!

OR,

The Lone Star of Texas.

BY CHARLES MORRIS, ESQ.

[This serial was commenced in No. 17, Vol. 54. Back numbers can be obtained from all newsdealers throughout the United States, or direct from this office.]

CHAPTER XVII.

BREAKING CAMP.

The position of the prisoners in the Indian camp was a critical one. All the fierce passions of the natives were stirred up by the deadly conflict in which they had been engaged, and, like the tiger of the Eastern jungles, the taste of human blood had awakened in them a thirst for deeper draughts of the fatal excitement of slaughter.

The triumph attending success was theirs, but it was a dearly bought triumph. Their loss had been nearly equal to that of the whites, and they could less afford this fearful thinning of their ranks. All of them had friends or relatives to mourn as dead, or badly wounded, and the fury of battle was likely to be succeeded by the thirst for vengeance on their helpless captives.

Captain Allen was much better aware of this dangerous contingency than any of his fellow prisoners, but he kept the disquieting knowledge to himself, inwardly resolving that his life should not be taken without one blow for himself, and one for the beautiful maiden on whose face his eyes now for the first time rested.

That she was the daughter of his friend, Major Amberly, he needed no second glance to convince him. That she was the most charming woman he had ever looked upon he vowed to himself before he was ten minutes in her presence. Frank Allen, susceptible as he was by nature, was as yet heart whole. He was, therefore, doubly open to the charms of this new face, to which he felt drawn by a strange and irresistible attraction.

Their common misfortune broke down all bonds of reserve between them. The whole party had been again tightly bound, not excepting Miss Amberly this time, and left to themselves, while their savage captors continued their pursuit of the retreating soldiers.

"Well, this is comfortable," said Frank, with a feeble attempt at levity. "I hope the ladies are enjoying it."

"As much as can be expected under the circumstances," replied Miss Amberly, in the same vein. "We are growing used to being prisoners. Not that we have been so long a time in this situation, but that it seems like an age."

"I don't doubt that," replied Frank. "I have had about five minutes experience, and am tired of it already."

"What troops were those?" asked Captain Wilson.

"A portion of the garrison of Nacogdoches," said Frank. "A company of the Fourth Texas Regulars, lately commanded by your humble servant."

"Of Nacogdoches?" cried Miss Amberly, with sudden excitement.

"Yes," was the reply. "I was commissioned by a friend of mine to rescue his daughter, who he feared was a prisoner to the Indians. I have done the next best thing, commenced to share her captivity."

"My father?" she cried, growing pale with excitement.

"Your father, Miss Amberly," replied Frank, "and, permit me to say, the best man in the regiment."

"Is he still in peril? Is there any hope of his release?"

"Every hope," said Frank. "He is still, however, under arrest."

"Oh, that I was with him! This horrible captivity may be fatal to both of us. If I was but with him to release him from his sad fate!"

"You release him?" cried Frank, in surprise. "I fear, Miss Amberly, you could scarcely do that. Even the appeal of a daughter would have little effect upon the stony heart of Colonel Brownson."

She made no reply. Her face was buried in her hands, the tears oozing from between her fingers. For the first time since her captivity had she given way to her feelings.

"You are mistaken," said Captain Wilson, in a low voice. "Miss Amberly could do as she says. She bears papers releasing her father from arrest and trial, signed by President Lamar."

"And she held here by these bloodthirsty wretches!" cried Frank, with sudden energy. "They will be lucky if they hold me long then. I will go through fire and water but that Major Amberly shall have that pardon. If the rascals only leave me alive to do it," he added, in a low tone.

The thought that crossed his mind seemed shared by the wounded chief. The latter, since his momentary exertion, had remained seated on a protruding stone in the centre of the camp, apparently listening intently to the sounds of distant conflict.

But stragglers from the fray were now returning to the enclosure, their faces dark with passion, while several bore at their sides the fatal evidence of Indian battle, the bleeding scalps of the slain.

They were garrulous with their triumph, but viewed with fierce eyes the faces of the dead; heard, with awakening passion, the groans of the wounded, yet lying where they had fallen in the combat.

Fiery looks were turned upon the prisoners, who were all unconscious of this dangerous play of human passion behind them. Red hands sought the knife or the tomahawk, as if with intent to take instant revenge for their losses.

The chief, Lone Star, failed not to see these threatening indications. He rose from his seat and spoke earnestly to the Indians for several minutes, pointing to his wounded arm and to their female captives.

It was evident that gratitude for the service rendered him was at work in his heart, and that Nellie Amberly had won an efficient protector by her impulsive act.

At the end of his short speech, two of the Indians approached the prisoners, removed the bonds from their feet, and commanded them to rise. They did so, and were taken to the huts that stood in the centre of the enclosure, the two females being obliged to enter one, the two soldiers being confined in another, while an Indian stationed himself on guard over each hut.

The savages were now rapidly returning to the camp, the pursuit having been given over. Shouts and yells of triumph for the victory, and of rage for their losses, resounded on every side, reaching the ears of the captain with terrible significance.

There had been some liquor among the stores captured from the settlers, and a number of the savages sought to obtain this, and add the horror of drunkenness to their already brutal passions.

But Colonel Bowles, who had returned along with several of the older and cooler warriors, forced the yelling braves back from the store of spoils, which were kept in another of the wigwams, a guard being placed over this also.

"Are the Cherokees fools?" he cried to them, in their own language, as some of the bolder savages sought to force their way past the guards. "Will they sell themselves to the soldiers for a draught of fire-water? How many men have we here? Not forty braves, all told. Those who are out on the war-path will not be able to assist us. Do you think the Texans will bear this defeat calmly? The Cherokee warriors have hearts, but the pale faces have hands. To-morrow morning, perhaps to-night, the soldiers will be reinforced. There will be five hundred upon our forty. If the brains of our warriors are clouded with sleep, or crazed with fire-water, will we beat them, as to-day? Will we come back with victory and the scalps of the slain?"

A look of doubt crept over the faces of the listeners as he spoke. His arguments were undeniable.

"We have no protection here," he continued. "What is that line of twigs to a regiment of pale-face riflemen? We cannot stay here and be cut to pieces."

"What shall we do then?" cried Lone Star, with sudden fury. "Shall we fly before the men we have beaten? Shall we show the women of the Cherokees that our warriors fly from a handful of pale-faces, or from a shadow which Colonel Bowles has raised?"

A chorus of approving cries followed these words.

"No," said the head chief, calmly. "Force must be met with stratagem. We are not fools to stay here and be destroyed. We are not cowards to fly from a beaten foe. We are not traitors to leave our comrades alone in the enemy's country. We will break up our camp; we will march upon the settlements. When the soldiers come here in the morning they will find our dead fires and empty lodges. When the moon sends his first rays across the prairie we will start southward, and be taking scalps and booty while the blind soldiers are creeping upon our empty camp."

A renewed shout of approbation followed these words, to which Lone Star now lent his voice. After a few more words of direction from Colonel Bowles, the Indians spread themselves about the camp, some engaged in preparing a meal for the hungry warriors, some in preparations for decamping.

The two chiefs meanwhile engaged in an earnest consultation, in which the various details of their project were fully considered.

It was agreed to send the wounded, in charge of a part of their force, to a rendezvous they had some distance north. The booty already in hand was to be removed to the same point. Those in charge of this duty were then to march south and join the raiders, leaving a few in charge of the wounded, who were to be removed further north as soon as able.

Colonel Bowles' project was to make the same disposition of the prisoners, and to this the war chief assented; making, however, a mental reservation of his own in regard to the final disposition of these captives, all of whom he regarded as his own.

Little time was spent in preparation for this movement. The Indians were ever ready for quick marches, and long before darkness had closed the eventful day, the northward movement had already begun. Several of the wounded were found to be past hope, and others badly, though not mortally, injured. These were removed in canoes, several of which the savages still possessed. The point they sought to reach was not far distant from the upper waters of the creek, which was navigable for canoes nearly to that point.

Those of the wounded who were able to walk, followed a more direct course through the woods to the stronghold. With this party went the wounded chief, whose hurt, though not as serious as it had at first threatened to be, rendered him unfit for duty.

The two male captives, their hands yet firmly bound behind them, were forced to accompany this party. The female captives were conveyed in one of the canoes.

Several miles of their slow progress had been accomplished, when the approach of darkness rendered further movement impracticable. They improved the time between this and moonrise in cooking and eating their plain supper of venison, of which the captives were permitted to partake.

With the first glimmer of moonlight they were away again, at the same moment that the remaining savages left the camp on their southward journey, leaving the deserted enclosure to two undreamed-of occupants, the lurking scouts, Jack Gray and Phil Sawyer.

CHAPTER XVIII.

A NIGHT ATTACK.

The scouts, it must be remembered, were aware of but one of the movements of the savages to which that moon afforded light. The character of the other they shrewdly guessed, but its destination and detection were not so easily conjectured.

A third course it was incumbent upon themselves to take, namely, to seek the rendezvous of the soldiers, and inform them of this new raiding movement of the Indians.

They had learned from the fugitives where this place was, and their knowledge of the woods was sufficient to enable them to find it, even at night.

But there was still another matter to be taken into consideration. The soldiers were too well aware of the propinquity of their savage foes, not to be fully on the alert. It might prove very dangerous to approach their camp in the night without a password, and with sentinels nervously fearful of an Indian raid.

"It's well enough, Phil Sawyer," said Jack, "for us to risk a bullet from the redskins, without having our skins scorched by our friends."

"It would be a risky matter to approach their camp in the dark, that's certain," replied Phil.

"I vote we stay where we are till daylight. We've done two good men's work to-day, and have earned a sound sleep. We've got as much before us to-morrow, and, if we spend the night on the tramp, I'm afeared we'll be used up."

"It's bad, too," said Phil. "The redskins will get ten hours' start. They may do a terrible lot of damage before the soldiers get on their track."

"The soldiers wouldn't move a foot before morning," replied Jack, "except maybe to send a messenger to town with the news. And that slow-motioned Colonel Brownson would ask to sleep on it, then. We'll have our sleep, Phil. We're not cast iron, made to turn bullets, or to live without sleep."

"We can have the advantage of a roof over our heads, anyway," answered Phil. "The air is a little biting to-night, and there is no danger of the savages coming back."

The tired scouts quickly dropped off into slumber within the shelter which the Indians had not taken the trouble to demolish.

The night passed quietly on. The moon rose higher and higher, looking down upon a scene very differently occupied from what it had beheld on its previous visit.

The wearied scouts slept profoundly, seeing not the moon, which had now passed the zenith, and was gliding down the western slope, hearing not certain noises in the surrounding forest that would have alarmed their acute senses had they been awake.

Yet these noises were very slight and occasional—the cracking of a dried twig, a rustle of dead leaves, and similar faint sounds.

It was now nearly three o'clock in the morning, and the weary scouts were in their deepest slumber. The sounds became louder and nearer. Evidently footsteps were cautiously approaching, yet could not, in the semi-darkness, avoid making these slight noises.

Nearer and nearer it came. There were dark forms within the camp, creeping cautiously toward the place where the prisoners had been kept. Finding the spot deserted, they began a slow movement toward the wigwams that occupied the centre of the enclosure.

At this moment the sound of a rifle-shot broke clear and loud upon the silence. A wild shout followed, the barricade was broken down, and a score of dark forms came pouring into the enclosure.

The report had rudely wakened the two sleepers. While Phil was rubbing his less-accustomed eyes, Jack Gray was on the instant in the full possession of his faculties.

"Hear that, Phil?" he whispered. "There's somebody taken the empty camp. Not Indians, that's sure. It must be the rangers."

"And they'll shoot at a squirrel, just now, and think it a redskin. We'd best lay low, till they quiet down," said Phil.

But they were not to be allowed such immunity. A loud curse followed the irruption into the camp.

"Blast them, they've made tracks, and sold us!" cried an angry voice. "See what's inside their lodges, lads."

"A lot of settlers' plunder here," shouted one voice.

"And this is empty," cried another.

Rude hands grasped the lurking-place of the scouts. The doorway of the frail erection was doubled in width, and the eyes of a dozen of the Texan rangers looked in upon them.

"Spoils, by Jove!" cried the voice of a young officer. "Who the thunder have we got here? Not Captain Allen, that's sure!"

"We're a couple of poor boys that was benighted in these woods," said Jack, without rising, "and just dropped in here for a bit of sleep. Hope there's no offence."

"It's the two scouts that helped us drive back the Injuns," cried another of the soldiers.

"And the sharp hounds of Indians have taken the back track and left us all in the lurch," said the officer.

"Not they," said Jack, rising, and stepping out from the hut. "They've taken the forward track, and are on the banks of the Nana by this time. There will be trouble in the settlements before noon to-morrow if they ain't stopped. There are over a hundred of the red devils in the woods below us."

"Something must be done, immediately," said the lieutenant, who had approached and overheard these words. "What brought you men here?"

"We were after the prisoners, and were just in time to see the break-up of the redskins."

"Are the prisoners with them?"

"No; they must have been sent north, before night."

"We sought to rescue our captain, who is either killed or a prisoner in their hands. We imagined that the savages would be having a jolly time after their victory, and that we would catch them in a drunken sleep."

"Colonel Bowles is with them," replied Jack. "He is too old a coon to be caught napping. I'll bet a cow it's his plan to raid south, while he thinks all the troops will be sent north to attack his camp. He might even gather his scattered men together and attack the town, with the notion that it would be empty of soldiers. There are Mexicans about there who would be ready to post him, and to help him, for that matter."

"You're right in that," cried the lieutenant. "Here, Joe!" he called to one of his men, "get ready. You know the woods. I must send you back with a dispatch. Don't let the grass grow under your feet. Look around, men. There are dead bodies about. See if Captain Allen's is among them."

Making a table of his hat, the officer speedily wrote a short letter to his commander.

Meanwhile, the camp had been closely searched by the men, the dead all examined, but no trace of the captain was found. They began to hope that he was a prisoner.

The letter sent, the lieutenant stationed sentries about the camp, and allowed his men to take the sleep they so much needed. The scouts resumed their rudely-broken slumber, and silence again reigned supreme.

CHAPTER XIX.

CROSSING THE STREAM.

The soldiers were off at early sunrise next morning. Their few hours' sleep had but poorly refreshed them after the great fatigue of the preceding day and their night march, but the lieutenant felt the strong necessity of immediate pursuit of the savages. It was possible that his messenger might have been intercepted by the Indians, in which case the authorities would remain ignorant of this threatening movement of the enemy.

It was then no time for delay, however much the troops might need rest. Fires were built, and their breakfast hastily cooked, a liberal allowance of spirits being served out to the soldiers.

This meal disposed of, and their rifles cleaned and loaded, they set out in a long file across the prairie to the south, following the plain trail which the Indians had made.

Loud good-byes were shouted to the scouts, who remained on the edge of the forest watching the free, bold walk of the sturdy woodsmen who formed the bulk of the company.

"A fine body of men, Phil," said Jack, as he filled his after-breakfast pipe. "The redskins have got the best of them so far, but it won't last. A good rifleman is worth two Indians any day, and it's my notion that the Cherokees are going to get into trouble."

"They have got the best of us so far, too," said Phil, somewhat gloomily.

"That won't last, either," replied Jack; "I count myself worth three redskins any day, and from what I've seen of you I think you can lay out as many. There's six arranged for, and they can throw in one as tally. It's good-bye to the first seven Indians that come across us."

"I don't count myself quite your equal," said Phil, turning back toward the camp." I've set my heart though on fetching Laura Ford out of their hands. I judge I might be good for three on that day."

"We're as fresh as two larks, Phil, and the scent's young. Miss Amberly is a girl worth a little risk. I never saw a feminine stand an Indian war-whoop like her. I am open for a bit of danger if I can get her out of their bloodthirsty hands. There will be no harm done to the prisoners till the warriors return to camp. The redskins have been lucky so far, and will be in a good humor. It will be bad for their prisoners though if they get beat and drove back. They'll be for adopting or marrying the girls and torturing the men."

"I hope we will have them out of their hands before that," said Phil.

"Thanks for that hope, and for the aid of the strong arms that back it," spoke a clear voice near them.

With a quick start the two men turned, to see standing near them a tall, fine-looking gentleman, in an officer's uniform.

"Major Amberly!" cried Phil.

"You know me, I see," said the officer. "You must know then the vital interest I have in your object."

"You are welcome to join our enterprise," said Jack, "even if you had less interest in it. The man that could get so near me without being heard is fit to go on scouting duty."

"I have been near you for an hour," said the major. "I preferred not to be seen by the soldiers, and lay concealed here till they left."

"You are no longer under arrest, then?"

"I have heard of my daughter's captivity, sir," said the major, with dignity. "I did not wait for Colonel Brownson's consent to go to her aid. I heard your remarks, and am grateful for the unexpected interest you have shown in her. You must have reason for this. You must know something about her captivity. I only know that an escaped prisoner saw her in the Indian camp."

"We know all about it," said Jack. "But we have a long walk before us. You will need strength. Here are some remnants of the rangers' breakfast, which I advise you to eat."

"No, no; I did not start on this expedition without food," said the major. "I have eaten. Tell me, I pray you, all you know concerning this sad business. I burn to know what perils my daughter has dared, what fate has befallen her."

Jack Gray lost no time in obeying this earnest appeal of the father, proceeding to give him a detailed account of all that had occurred since the two travelers had approached Joe Sawyer's cabin, two days before.

The father listened to this recital with an intensity of interest impossible in one less directly concerned. At the more thrilling parts of the story he broke out in short exclamations of horror or admiration at the danger and achievements of the besieged party.

The final story of the fight on the island and the escape of the scouts seemed to thrill his whole nature, as if he himself was engaged in the perilous combat. His excitable mind could scarcely bear the strain of fear and hope which wrought alternately upon him.

"What more do you know?" he cried. "No harm came to my daughter?"

"She is unharmed yet," said the scout, gravely proceeding in his graphic relation, and bringing it up into their effort of the preceding night.

"I owe you double, tenfold thanks for your efficient services," said the grateful father. "From what I overheard you say, you think the captives are in no immediate danger?"

"I hope we may be able to release them before any harm can come to them."

"And my friend, Captain Allen—was he slain?"

"His body cannot be found. He is probably a prisoner."

"Thank heaven for that! Are we not losing time here? I may be detaining you by my presence. Every minute must be valuable."

The excited officer sprang to his feet, seizing a rifle of which he had somehow possessed himself, probably where dropped by one of the wounded men. He seemed impatient to set out.

"We have lost no time," calmly replied the scout, smiling at his excitement. "My comrade has been at work. He comes now with tidings of his discoveries.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE RIGHT PATH.—The road of life is a turnpike road. It is a path which every one must find for himself, by the help of such directions as Heaven has given us; and there are so many other paths crossing the true one in all quarters, and the wrong paths are so well beaten, and the true path in places is so faintly marked, so many, too, are always going the wrong way, that between the number of paths to puzzle him, and the number of wrong examples to lead him astray, a man, if he does not take a continual heed, is in great danger of turning into a wrong path, almost without perceiving it.

HE who chatters to no purpose climbs a tree to catch a fish.

POWERFUL ACTING.

The little old theatre at Albany, New York, has been made the scene of many curious theatrical stories. One occasion, the late Mr. Edwin Forrest, the American tragedian, then a young man, gave a tremendous display of really powerful acting. He was supposed to represent a Roman warrior, and to be attacked by six minions of a detested tyrant. At the rehearsals Mr. Forrest found a great deal of fault with the supers who condescended to play the minions. They were too tame. They didn't lay hold of him. They wouldn't go in as if it were a real fight. Mr. Forrest stormed and threatened; the supers sulked and consulted. At length the captain of the supers inquired, in his local slang, "Yer want this to be a bully fight, eh?" "I do," replied Mr. Forrest. "All right," rejoined the captain, and the rehearsal quietly proceeded. In the evening the little theatre was crowded, and Mr. Forrest was very enthusiastically received. When the fighting scene occurred, the great tragedian took the centre of the stage, and the six minions entered rapidly and deployed in skirmishing order. At the cue, "Seize him!" one minion assumed a pugilistic attitude, and struck a blow straight from the shoulder upon the prominent nose of the Roman hero; another raised him about six inches from the stage by a well-directed kick, and the others made ready to rush in for a decisive tussel. For a moment Mr. Forrest stood astounded, his broad chest heaving with rage, his great eyes flashing fire, his sturdy legs planted like columns upon the stage. Then came the few minutes of powerful acting, at the end of which one super was seen sticking headforemost in the bass drum in the orchestra, four were having their wounds dressed in the green-room, and one, finding himself in the flies, rushed out upon the roof of the theatre and shouted "Fire!" at the top of his voice; while Mr. Forrest, called before the curtain, bowed his thanks pantingly to the applauding audience, who looked upon the whole affair as part of the piece, and "had never seen Forrest act so splendidly." Upon another occasion, however, the powerful acting was upon the part of the supers. For the sake of poetic justice, let us hope that they were the same supers. The hero was Mr. George Jones, afterwards known as the Count Johannes. Mr. Jones was impersonating the theatrical British sailor (transformed, of course, into the theatrical Yankee sailor), who fights a broad-sword combat with four pirates, and rescues a lovely damsel in distress. By some means or other Mr. Jones had offended the free and independent supers who played the pirates, and the result was a material alteration in the *denoument* of the drama. The lovely damsel was in distress; the four pirates were about to bind her and bear her away to their secret cave; the feelings of the excited audience were wrought up to the highest pitch; when suddenly Mr. Jones (as the Yankee tar) dashed upon the scene, threw himself before the unhappy damsel, flourished his cutlass, and shouted, "Come on, villains! One Yankee sailor is more than a match for four such lubberly sharks!" "I guess not," replied one of the pirates, and the four of them coolly took the astonished Jones by his arms and legs, and, in spite of his desperate struggles, carried him bodily off the stage, locked him in the property-chest, and, returning, bore off the maiden to their mountain cavern behind the scenes. The curtain fell.

IT is not generally known that the good custom of keeping birthdays is many thousand years old. It is recorded in the fortieth chapter of Genesis and twentieth verse: "And it came to pass the third day, which was Pharaoh's birthday, that he made a feast unto all his servants."

CONCEIT is like the natural unguent of the sea-fowl's plumage, which enables him to shed the natural rain that falls on him.

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A NEWSPAPER CREMATED.—A somewhat remarkable journalistic scene occurred in Berlin on the occasion of the death of the *Spener Gazette*, a paper which contained its own obituary on the 31st of October last. It expired at the advanced age of one hundred and thirty-four years and four months. This journal, under the title of *Berlin News of State and Scientific Matters*, first appeared on the 30th of June, 1740, by "the most gracious permission of Frederick II," as a continuation of the *Potsdam Mercury*.

Of course a venerable paper of this sort ought not to be hid away in the tomb without some extraordinary demonstration, and the proprietors, editors and attaches were equal to the occasion. A fine little coffin was prepared for the last number, and the process of cremation was resorted to. A funeral procession, headed by the editors bearing the exchanges on flag-staffs as banners, was formed. The editors of several other papers acted as pall-bearers, and in the procession was the reportorial force with their lead-pencils, the foreman with the ink-roller, the compositors with the composing-sticks, and we suppose the "devil" brought up the rear, although this is not vouched for as a fact. The last copy was cremated, and the ashes tenderly deposited in the coffin with appropriate ceremonies. Certainly, one can well remark, considering the extraordinary close of this aged newspaper, "Peace to its ashes!"

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The Boudoir

FASHION NOTES & QUERIES.

[Communications relating exclusively to subjects considered in this department, in order to receive prompt attention, should be addressed to "Fashion Editress" SATURDAY EVENING POST.]

The swift gliding wheels of Time's chariot, which stays not to wait upon man's pleasure, nor is ever impeded by circumstance, have brought again the holidays—at once the brightest and saddest days of the year. Regret over the vanished hopes and dreams that lie folded in the months and days of the dying year cloud the Christmas brightness for many hearts. Let not such forget that a new year is close at hand, bringing an earnest of better things.

We do not remember to have seen a more abundant provision made for the happiness of the little folks than is exhibited in our brilliant shop windows. It really puzzles one to choose from the endless variety and abundance presented to our admiring gaze, nor have we ever seen more elegant costumes than those that throng our fashionable promenades. One of silk and cashmere pleased us exceedingly, and can be so easily imitated that we shall describe it particularly.

The underskirt was of black faille, the front widths laid in wide kilt plaits to the depth of half the skirt-length. Above it was a puff and two upright frills. The back was trimmed with three deep flounces. The overdress was of fine black cashmere, the apron-front cut open and caught together with bows of faille ribbon. It was looped back in four upturned plaits on each side, and fell at the back in square sash-ends laid in plaits. A beaded passamenterie trimming and yak lace, two and a half inches deep, edged the overdress and sash-end. The basque, which was intended for street wear, was lined with flannel. The shape was somewhat after the pattern of the cuirass basque, the difference being in the extension of the side pieces, which came down low on the hips, and were cut squarely off. A large square pocket was placed on this long piece, with a button and adorned in the centre with a bow of faille ribbon. The collar was especially novel and stylish. In front it was standing, with what is known as "broken points." In the back, just in the middle, it extended some distance down the back of the basque, in a sort of "jabot" or pleated ruffle, ending in a point. The sleeves were half-tight-fitting, with a deep square cuff, trimmed with four buttons on the outer seam.

The hat worn with this toilette was of gray felt; wide flaring rim, turned up behind and in front, and edged with a ruche of feather trimming. A long ostrich plume of shaded gray falls over toward the back. Three upright loops of gray velvet, and a small aigrette of smoked pearl complete the trimming.

A suit of velveteen and camel's hair cloth was arranged in this manner. The underskirt of velveteen, or if the expense could be afforded a velvet would be more elegant—black is always preferable to a color—made perfectly plain. The overdress of brownish gray was made with a long deep skirt, edged with ball fringe of a similar shade. It is looped in folds at the sides, drawn tightly over the front, and held in place by tapes underneath. The basque is half tight-fitting, with square pockets and cuffs of black velvet, and buttoned in front with large black velvet buttons. Round flaring collar of black velvet, lined with gray silk, coming down in the middle of the back in a square tab. A black velvet sash, deeply fringed, gives a fine finish to the overdress. Hat of black velvet, with wide rim, and plume of black cock's feathers. Loops of gray faille ribbon, mingled with black velvet, and a gray top or pompon are placed at the left side.

A charming dolman was made of black drap d'ete, braided all over in an arabesque pattern, and beaded. Yak lace, several inches deep, finely beaded, edges it. A flat silk cord and heavy tassel, also flat, and beaded with a fine crochet passamenterie, is placed on the left shoulder, looped from thence across to the centre of the back, where the tassels are gracefully disposed and hang down, almost touching the bottom of the garment. The wide hanging sleeves are lined with silk and edged with lace.

Another dolman, of fine ladies' cloth, came down in a point in front, short and fastened in pleats at the waist; behind sleeves very long, trimmed with four rows of black soutache and a border of cony fur. The sleeves were held in place, or fastened to the garment, by three bows of faille ribbon, one at the top, and one on each side four inches below the upper one.

A dress of Havana brown silk had no overskirt. The front width was trimmed with a deep flounce and two large puffs, the last headed by an upright ruffle. Three deep flounces, each headed with an upright ruffle trim the back widths. Bows of faille are placed down the sides, just where the front widths join the back.

A pretty costume of slate-colored cashmere was made as follows: The underskirt trimmed with first a gathered flounce, then a knife-edge pleating, then a narrower gathered flounce, and an upright knife-edge pleating. The overdress was deep and round, looped away toward the back, piped on the edge with black gros grain. The waist was plain, and, when used for a street costume, a cape with a hood attached, somewhat the shape of the basilisk, with a row of bows down the middle.

A very pretty bonnet had the halo front, inside of which was placed a cluster of large pale pansies. The material of the bonnet was of deep plum-colored silk and velvet combined—the soft puffed crown of the silk, the front of the velvet. A plume of plum-colored ostrich tips fell over the back, and a long trailing spray of alternately dark and pale pansies.

Another was of black velvet, lined with pale lilac silk. A scarf of lilac silk is passed around the crown in soft folds, and tied in a loose bow at the back. Just above the bow is a bright-winged bird, and falling over from the front is a short, closely curled ostrich tip of pale lilac.

A charming suit for a little girl was of gray pongee. The single skirt was trimmed with a deep kilt plaiting; above it were two puffs. The basque had long wide pieces, extending down over the hips, and on each were placed square pockets, ornamented with bows of faille ribbon. A wide sash of the same ribbon was looped at the back, and fringed at the ends. A hat of very light gray felt, bound with pale blue, and trimmed with loops of blue ribbon and an ostrich tip, was worn with this suit.

Turbans and sacques to match of cony fur, trimmed with Siberian squirrel fur, are again very fashionable for little girls; a muff to match the sacque completes the set. Little boys wear turbans and collarettes of seal, Astrachan, otter, and mink.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MRS. J. M.—A deep circular of white cashmere, either embroidered, braided, or trimmed with folds of white gros grain, and edged with a deep knotted fringe, would be the most appropriate wrap for your baby. A little cap of Valenciennes and muslin insertion or lace is the prettiest bonnet for a young baby. We have seen charming little caps of swans' down, to tie under the chin.

ANNIE R. M.—We answer all questions with the greatest pleasure. First rip your black silk skirt, and sponge it with ammonia and water; iron on the wrong side. Get eight or nine yards of new silk; trim the back widths with three deep flounces, headed with a knife-edge pleating; trim the front with three rows of knife-edge pleating, headed by a puff and standing ruffle; put a row of puffing down each side where the front and back widths join; make a deep apron overskirt, and edge with fringe or yak lace; have sash-ends, or one wide end laid in pleats at the back. Then write and tell us how nicely it looks.

NINON.

NEW YEAR'S DAY IN CHINA.

BY O. P.

The week before the "first sunrise"—as the festival is called by the Chinese—the whole population of a town make their preparations for the day, the principal part being the settlement of their accounts. The greatest desire of the Chinaman, whatever his business or situation in society may be, is to see his accounts in the greatest possible order at the year's end. You, therefore, have to pay him at that time; and he, in return, accomplishes his own obligations, or, if this is impossible, he at least draws his balance sheet. Busy people of all classes are then hurrying through the streets on foot or in sedan-chairs, all to pay and to get paid; and banks, magazines and offices are crowded with customers to settle their accounts, or with creditors to realize their claims.

There are a good many purchases to be made for the festival; for the Chinese, although they eat, drink and dress themselves generally extremely cheap, are extravagant on great holidays, and especially on New Year's Day. Ducks, chickens, geese, pigs, and those numerous curious dainty bits, which can be valuable only for Chinese palates, must then be bought. Furs, silk and cloth dresses have to be taken from the pawnbrokers' shops or bought anew. Boots, shoes and festival caps; papers, incense and gold and silver paper must be bought, the latter to scare the evil spirits and to attire the graves of relations. A very important article forms the varnished and painted lanterns for hand and family use. Thousands of other things are used on that day, a notion of which it is quite impossible to give.

You can easily imagine what crowds and noise are caused thereby in a populated Chinese city—the more, as the Chinese always and everywhere talk in a loud, screaming voice; all loads are carried on the shoulders of men, who deem it necessary to open a passage for themselves through the crowd by shrill cries.

Street illumination is quite unknown in China, and you therefore are obliged to take your own lantern with you when you have anything to do out of doors at night. Lanterns are burning before every temple, house or magazine; they are made either of paper or silk, put on bamboo sticks, and varnished. Glass lanterns are also in use, but very few. All are painted with family names. Black and red colors are mostly in use for coloring lanterns, and some are painted with caligraphic art. The wealthier the family, or the better the business, the more artful and solid is the lantern and its inscription. Every one walks about in this manner with his name or firm on his lantern, while magazines hang out larger ones. Gamblers and thieves, of course, do not want to make the police acquainted with their names, and therefore put very common names, like our Smith, etc., on their lanterns. The most common Chinese name is "Wang" (King).

All the noise, hurrying and screaming increases the nearer the New Year approaches, and reaches its highest point on the last day of the old year, when a wonderful change takes place. All business is suspended on the evening of that day, and pilgrimages from temple to temple begin and last all night. The streets are still crowded, but all are dressed in their best clothes, and every one has a package containing incense and silver paper, with which they go round from temple to temple to burn the incense.

The scenes in the different temples are of a very peculiar kind. All temples are crowded, and the smell and smoke of fireworks and incense make the heavy, sultry air still more intolerable. Enormous lanterns throw their flashing light through the low buildings; the priests stand at the altars in uninterrupted service, and endless is the crowd of neatly dressed men, women and children who gather there to say New Year prayers. The ceremony is very original, and changes very often, consisting of a certain number of bows and genuflexions. About three o'clock in the morning is the most interesting point of the ceremony. All present in church begin to fire their rockets and fireworks, and in some places, as, for instance, in Canton, they fire rockets not only in temples, but also in the streets, which causes a tremendous noise.

All is over when daylight shines of the first day of the New Year, and it is for some time still in the streets. Nine o'clock brings some movement over this silence. Nice and fantastically-dressed women and children appear in doors and windows to see and to be seen, and here and there you see gentlemen, carefully dressed, making their New Year calls. All shops, however, remain closed, and nowhere is business done, except, perhaps, in some street corner where a boy sells sweets or a gambler puts up his faro bank.

WITH love the heart becomes a fair and fertile garden, glowing with sunshine and warm hues, and exhaling sweet odors; but, without it, it is a bleak desert covered with ashes.

THE FROST FAIRIES.

BY J. J. G.

We are told of a mystic land afar,
Lit up by the ray of the polar star,
Where the fairies weave with magic spell
The spotless robes that so softly fall
O'er the brown bare hills, and decked each tree
With diamonds of rarest brilliancy.

They love the cold and the glittering frost,
And laugh when the snowflakes, wildly tossed
By the fierce north gale o'er all the land,
Fall pure and soft from the ice-king's hand.
Rare christening robes for the New Year's birth,
The frost elves bring to the shivering earth.

They trace on our windows with unseen pen
Quaint pictures fairer than mortals ken;
And over the whole there lies the sheen
That falls from their radiant wings, I ween:
We can feel the touch of their fingers cold,
But never a fay do our eyes behold.

They fly to that mystic land again,
When spring has broken the icy chain
That bound the rills, and the southern breeze
Has clothed in green the gray old trees—
In that glittering land of ice afar
They dwell 'neath the light of the polar star.

COMING TO WOO.

BY EDEN E. REXFORD.

When Aunt Philinda went away, the last thing she said to me was:

"I'm going to send somebody down to see you afore long, an' I hope you'll act like a sensible girl, an' not stand in your own light. He's smart as the averidge, an' he's got the best farm I know on anywhere in our section o' country. You couldn't do better."

I hadn't the faintest idea that she would do as she said; but I began to believe she meant business when I received the following letter:

DEAR NINON MANIAN: I've told Mr. Green about you, an' he's goin' to come down to your place next week. I do hope you'll like him, for a better husban' never lived than he'd make you. Afore Mehetabel—that was his first wife—died, he was one of the best providers I ever see, an' the land knows he's had to be sence, for that sister of his'n that keeps house for him is awful wasteful. He's considerable took up with you from my descripshun, an' I know he'll like you. Anybody that's smart an' capable can do well to marry him. The children are purty behaved, an' take after their father. Now don't think he won't suit you 'cause he ain't fixt up like a young man. He's worth a dozen young men, far's property's concerned, an' Mehetabel used to say he was awful loving'. Do be a sensible girl, Mariar, an'—an' not stan' in your own light. From your affectionate aunt,

PHILINDA.

"For goodness sake!" I exclaimed, when I had read the letter through to sister Jane. "What shall I do? Here it's Monday, and the letter ought to have been here last week. He's likely to happen along any time. Such an old fool as Aunt Philinda is! The idear of my marrying an old widower, with half a dozen children."

"But they're 'purty behaved,' and 'take after their father,'" said Jane, wiping the tears from her eyes, and hardly able to talk from laughing. "And he's awful lovin'!"

"I dont want any of his loving ways round me," says I, indignantly. "I won't speak to him. She might have known better. I think it a regular insult."

"I'll tell you what," cried Jane, her eyes luminous with a brilliant idea. "Let me pretend that I'm you. I'll be Maria for the time being, and you be Jane."

"What good'll that do?" I asked.

"Ever so much," answered she. "Father and mother won't be back for four or five days, and I can tire him out before that time. I'll be deaf! Won't that be splendid? I won't be able to hear anything lower than a shout."

"I'm agreeable to the plan," I said. And Jane began to make preparations for her wooer. She combed down her hair smoothly on each side of her face, and put on mother's old mohair cap. Then she added spectacles, and arranged herself in an antiquated old dress. When she had finished her toilet she looked old maidish, I assure you. I laughed till I cried.

About three o'clock there came a rap at the door.

"It's him, I'll bet!" cried Jane. "If it is, remember I'm Maria, and can't hear you unless you talk very loud."

I went to the door and opened it. There stood Mr. Green, I was sure. He had on his Sunday best, evidently, and very comical he looked in it, and very uncomfortable he felt, judging from his actions. He was wiping his face with a huge red and yellow handkerchief.

"I'm Mr. Green," he said, making a bow and introducing himself at the same time. "I came to see Miss Mariar Lawton. Be you her?"

"She's expecting you; she's in the parlor. Come in," I said, choking with laughter. "You'll have to talk a little louder than usual, for she's a trifle deaf."

"Deaf!" exclaimed Mr. Green. "Your aunt didn't mention that."

By that time we were at the parlor door. Jane was all expectation, and did look so comical that I thought I should have to laugh or die. But I managed to keep my face tolerably straight while I introduced them.

"Maria, this is Mr. Green!" shouted I, in a shrill key, putting my mouth close to her ear.

"A little louder," said she, and I shouted "Mr. Green" an octave higher.

The poor man looked terribly disappointed. His fancy had not painted her in true colors, evidently.

"Ah, yes, Mr. Green," said Jane, fairly beaming with delight. "How do you do?" and she shook the poor gentleman's hand energetically. "Jane, get Mr. Green a chair. Put it here by the side of mine, so that he can talk to me. I'm happy to see you, sir. Aunt Philinda spoke of you in very complimentary terms, indeed."

"I'm glad of that," said Mr. Green, sinking into the chair.

"Eh? what did you say?" said Jane, turning her ear toward him. "A trifle louder, if you please."

Mr. Green repeated his remark, while I retired to the window to laugh.

"A very fine day?" he added.

"Good crop of hay? I'm glad of it," responded Jane. "I'm greatly interested in farm matters, Mr. Green."

"I said the weather was fine," corrected Mr. Green.

"When'll I be yours? Why, you're so sudden, Mr. Green!" exclaimed Jane, pretending to blush. "I don't really feel as if I know you yet. And yet, my heart tells me that you are an affinity," and then the wicked girl smiled most bewitchingly upon the uneasy man, who looked at me appealingly.

"I didn't say that," he shouted. "I spoke about the weather."

"Yes; I hope we'll be happy together," said Jane, pensively. "Oh, Mr. Green, if you knew how I have longed for the companionship of some heart like yours these many years," and then she proceeded to shed unseen tears in her handkerchief.

Mr. Green was touched.

"She's awful affeckshunate, ain't she?" he said to me. "I wish she wasn't so awful deef. Can't anything be done for her?"

"Oh, you won't mind that, after a little," said I, cheerfully. "We don't."

"I dunno' 'bout that," said Mr. Green, doubtfully. "We couldn't never have no secrets, 'cause the neighbors 'd hear 'em 'fore she did, if I went to tellin' her any. Don't seem to me's if I ever see anybody quite so deef as she is."

"Talk to me," said Jane, who had dried her eyes. "Tell me all about your children. I know I shall take so much comfort with them. Bless their souls."

Thereupon Mr. Green began his family history away up in the higher octaves, and I got so nearly deafened at his shouting that I had to leave the room. I sat down on the back steps and laughed for half an hour. When I stopped I could hear him shouting still, but I fancied he was getting hoarse.

Jane kept him talking all the afternoon. I never saw anyone quite so relieved as he was when I announced that supper was in readiness.

Jane fastened herself upon him, and accompanied him to the supper-table.

"It's such an awful pity about her," said the poor man to me, regretfully. "She's got a wonderful affeckshunate way, an' she's awful anxious to be Miss Green; but," and there Mr. Green stopped, dubiously, "I know'd an old woman who was so deef that when it thundered once, she thought some one was knockin' an' hollered 'come in;' an' she didn't begin to be as deef as she is, no, not begin. I don't s'pose you'd be willin' to settle down on a farm, now, would you?" hopefully.

"Oh, I couldn't think of such a thing," I answered. "Maria's the wife for a farmer. She takes such an interest in such matters."

"That's a fact," said Mr. Green. "I dun'no when I've seen a woman more interested than she is. I swan, I'd give twenty-five dollars if 'twould cure her, an' up our way we can get a good cow for that price."

Mr. Green had got so used to talking to Jane that he had forgotten that I was not deaf, and shouted the last sentence at me.

"You say you're fond of rice? Oh, so am I," said Jane, delightedly. "Jane," to me, "you put some on to cook after supper; we'll have some for breakfast."

"Don't put yourself out for me," shouted Mr. Green.

"Wish you had some for tea, did you say? I wish so, too." Jane smiled another tender smile at her suitor, and sipped her tea slowly, smiling at him every time he looked at her.

"Where's your folks?" he asked, suddenly, as if he had just thought of them.

"Yes, it is a good plan," answered Jane, nodding her head appreciatively. "Geese always ought to wear pokes. If they don't, they'll get into the garden and eat everything up."

"I asked after your father an' mother," shouted Mr. Green, with awful emphasis, and turning red in the face with the exertion.

"Let me see," said Jane, thoughtfully. "Henry Bascom's brother? No, Mr. Green, I don't think I ever knew him."

"Oh, dear," groaned Mr. Green. "She gets deefer and deefer. I can't marry her. What if I wanted to say anything to her in the dead o' night? I'd have to wake the hull house up to make her hear. It's an awful pity, I swan."

Jane kept him shouting at her all the evening, under the beaming effulgence of her smile. I never laughed so much in my life before.

He came into the kitchen next morning, where I was getting breakfast.

"I'm so hoarse I can hardly talk loud," he said, mournfully. "I like her. She's smart, naturally, an' seems willin', an' she wants to get married as bad as any woman I ever see; but she's too deef! I guess I won't stop to breakfast, 'cause it'll only make her more set on havin' me, an' I can't make such a sacrifice for the sake o' anybody. If you'd only think favorable 'bout it, I'd stay. Couldn't you, now, s'pose?" with a very tender smile.

"Not for a minute," said I.

And seeing that there was no hope, Mr. Green took his departure.

Aunt Philinda evidently saw through the state of affairs, as reported to her by Mr. Green, for she hasn't been visiting since. I wonder if he's still single?

"JENKINS" OUTDONE.

The marriage of Malia, daughter of De Louza Cabral, the great diamond merchant of South America, to George Arthur Thockmorton, late of Kentucky, but now engaged in railroading in Rio Janeiro, causes the Newlands-Sharon nuptials, magnificent though they were, to sink into utter significance. The father of the bride is the richest man in the world, his fortune being estimated at fifty billions. Mr. Thockmorton himself is no beggar, for he counts his dollars by the millions, and will some day be richer than his father-in-law. The wedding took place at Cabral's residence, near Rio Janeiro, and the number of guests exceeded one thousand, the invitations being inclosed in boxes of sandal-wood, costing twelve hundred dollars each. The rooms were decorated with camelias set with diamonds, one hundred music-boxes set with precious stones played the wedding march, and a pavement from the railroad depot to the mansion, of more than a quarter of a mile, was spread with camel's hair shawls. The bride's dress is literally indescribable. It cost millions of dollars. The bride's gifts number eighteen hundred and forty, among them a dinner set of two hundred and eighty pieces, given by the mother, each piece bearing the Cabral-Thockmorton monogram in diamonds, the whole costing $4,000,000; one thousand yards of point lace; three hundred and sixty-five dresses; a title-deed for a magnificent town and country house in each capital in the world; a steamship, with a full complement of sailors under contract for ten years' service; one dozen milk-white Arabian steeds; a necklace of thirty of the largest and finest diamonds in the world, with a fantastic face cut upon each stone, the necklace costing $16,980,000.75. There were other wonderful presents in profusion. Now let "Jenkins" hang his head in shame. Who will read about a common wedding after this?

PUT that idea of knowing all things in heaven and earth out of your heads. It is very little that we can ever know, either of the ways of Providence or the laws of existence. But that little is enough, and exactly enough.

Correspondents' Bureau

☞ All communications should be addressed to R. J. C. WALKER, Editor and Proprietor SATURDAY EVENING POST, No. 727 WALNUT Street, Philadelphia.

☞ This Department will be found an attractive feature to all our readers. In addition to important and particular information for Subscribers, Contributors, and others, it will contain many novel, instructive and entertaining topics, fully discussed in answer to the numerous Notes and Queries contained in our general correspondence.

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Authors and others will take notice that, by rules of the P. O. Department, Manuscripts intended for publication in periodicals are subject to letter rates. Rejected MSS. will not be returned, unless by special request, with sufficient stamps enclosed to prepay postage.

PURCHASING BUREAU.

In consequence of frequent applications from numerous correspondents living at a distance, for the purchase of books, jewelry and many other articles, the above department has been established. It is in charge of a thoroughly competent and responsible person, who will hereafter execute commissions for the purchase of goods of every description. The FASHION EDITRESS will give special attention to articles for Ladies' toilet. All orders must be accompanied by the money to be expended, with instructions as to kind, quality and quantity of goods desired. Packages forwarded by mail or express to any part of the country.

*** BY AN ACT OF CONGRESS passed June 23, 1874, and now in force, the mailing of articles of merchandise, in packages not exceeding *four pounds* in weight, on payment in postage at the rate of one cent for each two ounces is permitted. The former law limited the weight to one pound. The new law, therefore, will prove of great accommodation to the public, enabling people at a distance to send orders to the large cities for innumerable articles, such as dry goods, clothing, books, jewelry, seeds, bulbs, photographs, tools, stationery, teas, engravings, etc., etc., and to have the articles sent by mail at much less than express rates.

CORRESPONDENTS' NOTES AND QUERIES.

J. A.—"Madam," when speaking to a married lady, is the proper word to use, but the abbreviation "ma'am" is allowable, and sanctioned by custom.

C. A. P.—Neither of the mottoes are French. The first, "Dum spiro, spero" is Latin; and means, "While I breathe I hope," being equivalent to our "While there's life there's hope." The second, "Che sara sara," is Italian, and means, "What will be, will be."

HELEN.—It is always good etiquette to send your regrets for inability to attend a party or any gathering to which you have been invited. In sending your regrets for inability to attend a wedding reception, you should accompany them with your congratulations on the happy event.

X. Q. Z. (Teheran, Ill.)—You could learn telegraphing in an office by a few months of earnest application, but could not expect any pay while learning. Any defect in your hearing would be a very serious disadvantage to you as an operator, so if you labor under any such misfortune, you had better give up all idea of learning the business.

INDOLENT.—No man ever becomes great, or wise, or rich, by accident. A young man's prosperity must depend upon himself. If you are industrious and frugal, and if you set before you a distinct object in life, you will succeed; but, if you are indolent and improvident, and changeable, you will come to no good. A man must have a purpose, he must make up his mind what he means to be and do, or he cannot reasonably hope to succeed in life.

S. D. proposed to a young lady whom he had known for some years. She accepted him, but soon after went West, and wrote back that on "analyzing her feelings," she found "she did not love him well enough to be his wife," and hoped they might still remain friends. He wants to know what he should do. We do not see that he has much choice in the matter, and that he can do nothing but act on the lady's letter, and be friends where it is impossible to be lovers.

E. M. L.—"When was the first Thanksgiving in this country?" The first Thanksgiving was in 1623, and this was the cause of its appointment: From May 1st to the middle of July of that year there was a great drought in Massachusetts. If the crops failed, the settlers would have starved, so a day of prayer for rain was set. While the people prayed, the rain fell, and the harvest was saved; and after it was gathered in a day of Thanksgiving was appointed and observed.

MINNIE.—You need not trouble yourself about worrying us with your questions. We are, like the cats, used to it, and take it as a matter of course, and we don't mind how long a letter be so long as it does not exceed four sides of note paper. 1. We do not think your lover is too old for you, but we are certain you are too young to engage yourself to him. 2. If you give a kiss to every young man who says he loves you directly he asks for it, you will get a character among the gentlemen that will act to your disadvantage.

DASHING NELL, (Wilmington, N. C.)—Why choose so questionable a signature? "Dashing," when associated with a lady's name, grates harshly on "ears polite," but in this instance it may be "all a dream," like the subject of your inquiry. Dreams are most frequently caused by indigestion, hearty suppers, etc. Sometimes, however, they are caused by an idea being intensely fixed in the mind and constantly pondered over. We are not of those who attach any meaning to dreams, though it cannot be denied that many events have occurred precisely as they were foreshadowed, if we may say so, in the sleeper's fancy. 2. Emmeline signifies industrious—energetic.

ROBERT LE DIABLE.—We can hardly imagine any one with such a cognomen avowing himself to be so bashful as not to be able to muster enough courage to propose to a young lady, and asking our advice how to do so. It is the easiest thing in the world to "pop the question," if you only have the necessary amount of pluck. Go to the lady, take her lily hand in your manly grasp, look down through her eyes into her heart, and then begin: "Dearest Arabella, from the first moment," etc., until you come to "Do not drive me to despair by refusing me the supreme bliss of calling you mine—mine only." This is generally a settler, and the answer, ever so inaudible, "makes or undoes him quite."

CASPAR LENOX, (New York).—There are several reasons given why ships are always spoken of as "she," such as: They bring news from abroad; they wear caps and bonnets; they are upright in stays; they are often painted; man never knows the expense till he gets one; and several others of a like character, all bearing evident signs of the source from which they emanate. 2. Yes, it is the lady's place. 3. We know of no remedy for such a purpose. 4. The lady should not correspond with the second gentlemen while she is carrying on a correspondence with another. 5. No, the lady had better defer giving her portrait till she becomes better acquainted. 6. Always answer a letter as soon as you get it. 7. The lady decides.

A FRIEND OF THE POST.—The common mushroom is frequently cultivated both in the open garden and in houses or sheds. To grow it in the open garden, beds are prepared, generally of earth mixed with horse dung, partly fresh and partly from old hotbeds, and are raised into ridges almost as high as broad. To grow it in houses, boxes are filled with alternate layers of half-rotten horse-dung and of straw, with a surface layer of fine mould. But of each of these methods there are many different modifications, none of which can be here described. In both, the production of mushrooms is sometimes left to the chance—often almost a certainty—of spawn or spores existing in the dung or earth; sometimes, to increase the probability of a speedy and abundant crop, earth is introduced into the bed or box from a pasture known to be rich in mushrooms. Mushroom is also frequently planted, which is either collected where mushrooms grow, or produced by artificial means, often appearing and being propagated without the development of the mushroom itself.

J. W. McD.—We believe that epilepsy in a grown up person, in whom the disease has become a well-established habit, is seldom or ever cured. During childhood, epilepsy is often treated with success; but after the paroxysms have been many times repeated, and have become a habit of many years' standing, a cure is hardly ever effected. The person so affected may, however, be benefited by proper treatment. Bromine is the most popular remedy for epilepsy now known, but it should be used only under the advice of medical men.

E. H. H.—The "Lloyd's," which you so often see referred to in the newspapers, and the meaning of which you have not been able to learn, is simply the name given to a set of rooms on the first floor of the Royal Exchange, in London, frequented by merchants, ship-owners, insurers, etc., for the purpose of obtaining shipping intelligence and transacting marine insurances. Registers are kept at Lloyd's of all the ships which arrive in almost every port on the globe, and also disasters at sea. The information is furnished by trustworthy agents, and there is scarcely a port of consequence where one is not stationed. The name Lloyd's is applied to these rooms because the headquarters of the London shippers and marine insurers was originally at Lloyd's coffee-house.

MARTIN, (Newark, N. J.)—1. Beauty, as regards the complexion of ladies, is an entire matter of taste among the male sex. Poets and writers of fiction differ in what they consider the exact type of beauty. Some paint their heroines as dark, with raven hair and eyes like sloes; others adopt the brown type, and many select the fairest complexion as the only standard. Each style is beautiful in itself, but an unprejudiced judge would find it a difficult matter to decide between them. 2. We do think with you, that our country-women present more numerous and varied types of beauty than those of any other land. 3. Your composition and penmanship are both excellent, and it gives us great pleasure to read and answer so legible and dainty an epistle.

DAISY VERNON.—After telling us that we are "the fountain which condescends to supply all our subscribers with the water of our knowledge whenever they are in need," it seems ungracious in us to refuse you a draught, the first time, too, that you have ever asked for one, but you have imposed upon us a task which we dare not undertake. You want us to *settle*, once forever, the question, "Can mediums really raise the rapping spirits, or is it done by sleight of hand?" This matter of "calling spirits from the vasty deep," the whole subject in fact of Spiritualism, is one that is exciting at present considerable attention and discussion, and is very far from being *settled*, one way or the other. You should personally investigate the matter, and decide for your own self.

J. G (Philadelphia).—It is not necessary that you should ask the young lady for her "company," thereby meaning that you wish to be received as her lover. If the lady likes you, she will show it in her reception of you, and when the proper time comes for you to propose, you can do so without much fear of what the answer will be. That love is the best and truest into which both gradually fall unthinkingly after an acquaintance of some months. We have not much faith in the lastingness of a love which is produced merely by a pretty face or a graceful figure, without any knowledge of the disposition, mental resources or compatibility of temperament. A love based on respect lasts forever; whilst one which has its foundation merely on beauty fails away as the beauty disappears.

ONE IN TROUBLE says: "A young gentleman that I have known for years as a friend has asked me to be engaged to him. I like him very much. The only objection I have is his being two years younger than myself. I told him I thought him too young. He said he did not think it mattered. You will oblige me very much by giving me your advice about it." If you really love the young man, we do not consider the difference of two years between you sufficient to cause any unhappiness. The happiness of married life does not depend upon such trifles as this. A man who would not be happy with his wife, because she was two years older than himself, would not be happy if she were ten years younger. Consult your heart, therefore, in the matter, and if, as we said before, you love him, let not such a slight matter stand in your way.

R. S. S. (Pottsville, Pa.)—For your benefit, and perhaps that of others who may be like yourself, ignorant on the subject, we will give you a few brief rules to be observed by all who write for the press: 1. Write with black ink. 2. Leave the second page of each leaf blank. 3. Number the pages in the order of their succession. 4. Write in a plain, bold hand, avoiding all flourishes. 5. Use no abbreviations which are not to appear in print. 6. Punctuate the manuscript as it should be printed, to the best of your ability. 7. For italics, underscore one line; for small capitals, two; for capitals, three. 8. Never interline without the caret to show its place. 9. Take special pains with every letter in proper names. 10. In writing a letter to the Editor, always do so on a separate sheet of paper. 11. Do not roll up your MS. in forwarding it to a publisher.

W. J. H. (Newburyport, Mass.)—"What do you think a young lady meant when she gave me one of her gloves at parting? I have been puzzling my brain to find out what she could possibly mean by it, and as you seem to know everything, I have, as a last resource, come to you." In olden times the ladies did not wear gloves but mittens, and the "giving a mitten" to a gentleman was looked upon as a hint that his attentions were not acceptable, and the gentleman would thereupon give up all hope in that quarter. Whether or not the giving of a glove in the present times has the same meaning, we are not sufficiently posted in the multifarious codes of courtship which are practised now-a-days to say. It may mean that the gentleman has been squeezing the lady's hand to such an extent that the glove has burst, and the glove may be given as a hint that a pair of new ones would not be an unacceptable present. The only way of finding out, that we can suggest, is for you to ask the lady what she did mean.

W. F. H.—"Please tell me what was the origin of our dollar mark, and also the mark for the English pound sterling." The most generally accepted theory of the origin of our dollar mark is that the two parallel upright marks may be traced back to the pillars of Hercules, and the S-like figure to a scroll entwined around them ($). According to tradition, when the Tyrian colony landed on the coast of Spain and founded the ancient city of Gades, (now Cadiz,) Melcarthus, the leader of the expedition, set up two stone pillars as a memorial, over which was built a temple of Hercules. Centuries later, when Charles V. became Emperor of Germany, he adopted a new coat of arms, in which the pillars of Gades occupied a prominent position in the device. Hence, when a new coin was struck at the Imperial Mint, it bore the device: two pillars, with a scroll entwined around them. Hence, our dollar mark. The two horizontal bars which cross the symbol of the English pound sterling are thought to be of the same origin as the perpendicular bars which cross the dollar mark. The letter L (£) is the initial of the Latin word *libra*, signifying pound.

YOUNG AMERICA.—You say that in your reading you come across frequent references to some mythological or historical characters, and you want to know all about them, in order to comprehend what you are reading. A very proper and highly commendable wish on your part, and we shall at all times be very glad to do all we can to enlighten you on any matters which may puzzle you if you will apply to us as frankly as you have done on the present occasion. You ask us "who was Morpheus? and also who were the Sirens?" Morpheus was the god of sleep and of dreams. We often say "in the arms of Morpheus" when we wish to denote that some one is asleep. He is often represented as a boy holding in his hand two poppy-heads—poppies, as you know, possessing a sleepy power. The Sirens are described very fully in Homer's "Odyssey." They were two maidens who lived on an island in the ocean. They would sit close to the seashore, and sing with such power and melody that all who heard them were so charmed that they forgot home, friends, everything that they loved, and hastened to these maidens; but as no food was found on the island, they would soon starve to death, and leave their bones to whiten on the shore. In the "Odyssey," Ulysses sails by this island; but he had been previously warned against the Sirens, so he filled the ears of his crew with wax, and bade them bind him fast to the mast of the vessel. As they float by, the crew are not attracted by the song, for they cannot hear it, but Ulysses is delighted. In vain he tries to burst the bonds, in vain he appeals to his men to set him free, that he may fly to these infatuating females: they regard not his ravings, and soon the dangerous island is passed, and they are safe. Then Ulysses feels grateful to his faithful men for so implicitly obeying him, for if they had set him free, he would surely have perished. Thus it is with boys who sometimes rage and grumble at being denied some dangerous pleasure by their parents; but when calmer moments come, and they look back with a shudder at the peril they were so foolish as to long for, then they thank father and mother for the restraint put upon them.

MISCELLANEOUS.—F. J. C.—We see no impropriety in the fact of you giving your lover your portrait. EVELYN.—You must be guided in such matters as the style of dressing your hair by our Fashion Editress, to whom please write. M. D.—The question of complexion is merely a matter of taste. W. E. H.—The process is too long for us to give you in the limited space at our disposal. W. G.—To both your questions we answer most emphatically "No." You must wait for at least a couple of years longer. NANCY PICKETT.—Let him go. You will only lower yourself in her eyes by trying to win him back.

☞ *A number of communications have been received, which will be answered next week.*